FEBRUARY 10, 1958

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

America's National Sports Weekly

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Squash Champions

HENRI SALAUN AND DIEHL MATEER

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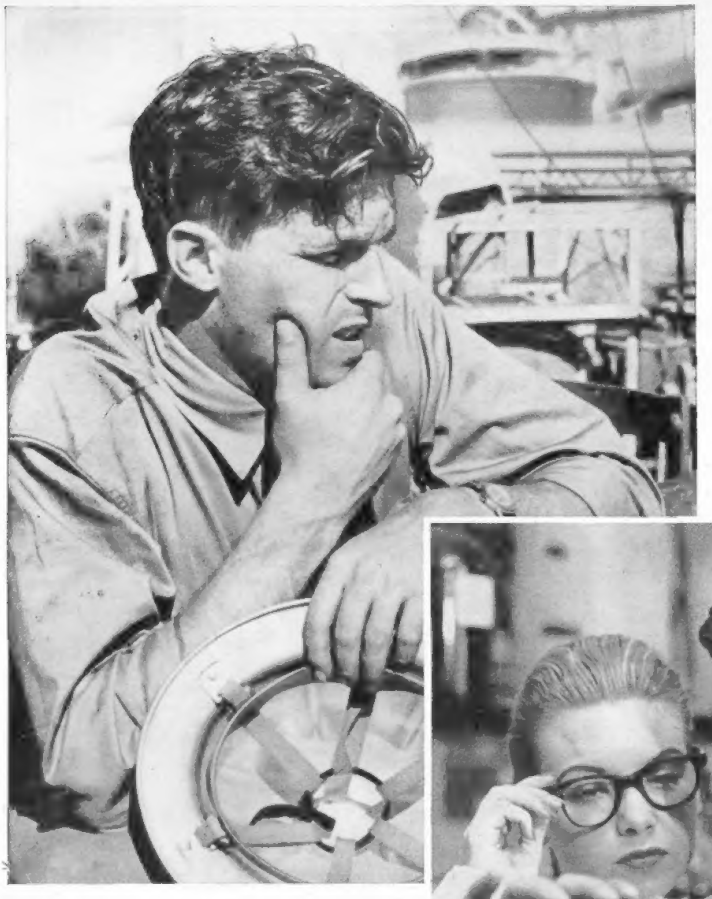

Engineer with a tough hair problem

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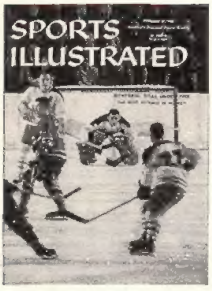
Cover: Squash Champions ▶ Henri Salaun and Diehl Mateer are caught here in a rare moment of inactivity. For a colorful glimpse of how these topflight American amateurs play one of the fastest games in all sport, turn to page 18.

Photograph by Dan Weiner

Next week



▶ Next week's cover catches one of the finest hockey defenses ever to grace the rinks. Ken Rudeen tells how the brilliant Canadiens have already salted away the 1957–58 title.

▶ At the ridiculously early ages of 13 and 15, Ilsa and Jon Konrads are shattering world swimming records. Coles Phinizy describes them and examines the reasons for Australia's swimming supremacy.

▶ An exclusive report by Charles Goren on the World Bridge Championship at Lake Como, with his own analysis of some of the hands which highlighted the tournament.

Acknowledgments on page 10

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Contents

FEBRUARY 10, 1958 *Volume 8, Number 6*

12 A Race They'll Remember
Fire almost made a tragedy of the Acapulco race, but it had a happy ending

16 Two Miracle Miles in a Week
A young Aussie named Herb Elliott is the newest name to paste in your hat

18 Spectacle: Squash at its Best
A closeup in color of the game that has become a fast-rising U.S. fever

27 Cheesecake for the Dodgers
In L.A., naturally, they figure the old Brooklyn Bums need a new symbol

32 Indians, Meet Your Chief
Bobby Bragan, down in Cuba, signals Cleveland his intentions. By Richard W. Johnston

40 Dave's New Start
Duke's Dave Sime, who may be the fastest human being in the world, comes roaring back

48 Westminster: The Big Time
Moment of truth for dogs

60 A Horseplayer's Confession
"I Made My First Bet $25,000 Ago." As told to Sol Fox

The departments

7 Fisherman's Calendar
8 Scoreboard
10 Snow Patrol
11 Coming Events
23 Events & Discoveries
28 Wonderful World of Sport
38 Basketball
40 Track
42 Golf
43 Tip from the Top
44 Hunting
51 Bonnie Prudden
52 Charles Goren
67 The 19th Hole
68 Pat on the Back

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MEMO *from the publisher*

THIS is the time of year when banquet boards all over the country groan happily with five-course dinners and full honors to the stars of sport who cast the brightest light in the year just past.

Mixing its business with a full helping of pleasure, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

RICHARD NEALE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Assistant Publisher, accepts Columbus Touchdown Club trophy from Mel Allen.

lately has been on hand at many of these festive occasions, has had its problem keeping its waistline trim, while at the same time not missing an opening round of soup, an entrée of chicken or a last round of applause.

One of the most resplendent and star-studded awards banquets took place last month when almost 900 fans gathered at the third annual All-Sports Dinner of the Touchdown Club of Columbus, Ohio.

There to receive Touchdown Club trophies, as part of a distinguished galaxy of 40 honored sports personalities, were Terry Brennan, Comeback Coach of the Year; Wilt Chamberlain, College Basketball Player of the Year; Fred Haney, Baseball Manager of the Year; Don Carter, Bowler of the Year; Jack Dempsey; Rocky Marciano; George Halas; Stan Musial.

The Braves' Lew Burdette received an award for the outstanding sports performance of 1957. And his front-office boss, John Quinn, accepted a special award for Outstanding Contribution to Organized Baseball.

The time for banquets, only by coincidence, is also the time for signing baseball contracts. Before a fascinated audience, for once privy to this delicate exercise in gamesmanship, Burdette and Quinn got right down to business. Said Burdette, "I'm glad Mr. Quinn is here. I'd just like him to know I have pen, will sign." Quinn smiled as he rose to reply. "I have not only a pen," he said, "I have a contract. If you sign, I'll fill in the amount." That was, as far as anyone could see, the only autograph not signed that night.

Included in the awards was a silver bowl for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, the Touchdown Club's recognition of this magazine for "Complete Coverage of All Sports." SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is proud to attach it to its trophy belt. But, during a pause while we hoped no one was looking under the banquet table, we had to let the belt out a notch.

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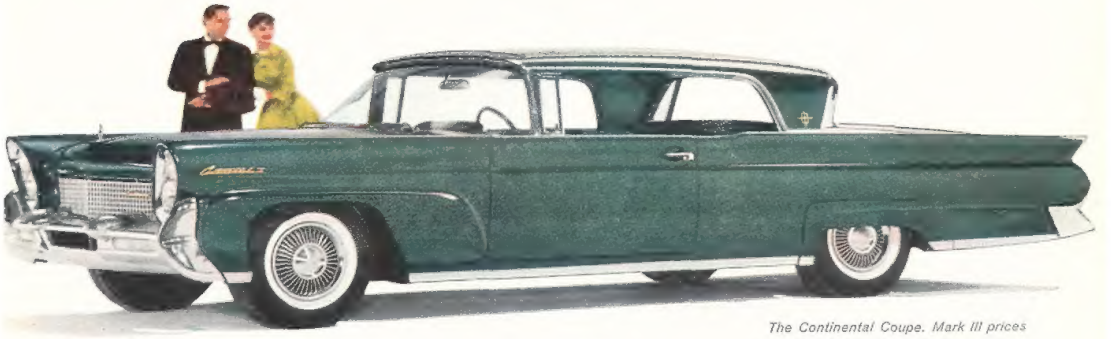

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SAILFISH: FLORIDA: **FG** for silver-minded anglers who have been indulging in Twenty-first Annual Silver Sailfish Derby of the Palm Beaches for past three weeks. So far 228 sails caught of which 184 released. Heaviest so far is 58-pounder taken by A. J. Cunningham of Trenton, N.J., longest a 7-foot 7½-inch fish by Student William Bozman of Monkton, Md. Mrs. S. N. Bolling of Brecksville, Ohio has released 14 sails, Mrs. Ray Cohen of Brigantine, N.J. 12, and Mrs. Lon Ehler of Prospect Heights, Ill. 9. All silver will be handed out by Feb. 8. **OG** with sails in good number and weather dreadful.

BLUE MARLIN: BAHAMAS: High winds plaguing islands too but moderated long enough last week for Mrs. Gilbert Keech of Welcome, Md., who is fishing from Andros Yacht Club on Andros Island, to sneak out and collar a 305-pounder. Tongue of the Ocean, a puddle of blue water just east of Andros in the midst of shallow Bahamian banks, is considered excellent marlin territory but not fished enough to establish just how excellent.

STEELHEAD: CALIFORNIA: Southern anglers not only ones aghast at weather. Tearful California spy reports heavy rains; Russian River six feet over normal at Ukiah and still rising; Gualala **H** and choked with logs and debris; Navarro at flood stage; Sacramento cresting 19 feet at Red Bluff; **OH** (horrible).

PACIFIC SALMON: WASHINGTON: **FG** with blackmouths hitting herring near Chickanut south of Bellingham from Governors Point to Wildcat Cove, where W. L. McIntyre of Bellingham recently bagged several 18-pounders.

BLACK BASS: TENNESSEE: Winter **FF** in Center Hill Lake although bass are deep. Persistent Mrs. Thayer Wilson of Carthage, Tenn. took a 7¾-pounder last week while dangling a live minnow in the Cove Hollow area.

LOUISIANA: High water playing havoc with north and central areas and in Mississippi River, but **FVG** in ponds west of New Orleans such as Willswood, Churchill, Waggaman and Simoneaux. Underwater lures most effective.

CALIFORNIA: **FG** from Lake Mead to Palo Verde Valley. **FVG** at Cottonwood Cove in Lake Mohave which is offering limits of 3-pounders.

BLUEFIN TUNA: NORTH CAROLINA: Hatteras denizens in flap over defunct 245-pound bluefin washed ashore last week. Much hot stoving in progress as to whether tuna migrate past cape or whether this one just a hobo.

SO—*season opens*	**R**—*rising*
SC—*season closes*	**WT50**—*water 50°*
C—*clear water*	**FG**—*fishing good*
D—*water dirty, roily*	**FVG**—*fishing very good*
N—*water normal height*	**FF**—*fishing fair*
SH—*slightly high*	**FP**—*fishing poor*
H—*high*	**OG**—*outlook good*
VH—*very high*	**OVG**—*outlook very good*
M—*water muddy*	**OF**—*outlook fair*
L—*low*	**OP**—*outlook poor*

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SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

TRACK & FIELD HERB ELLIOTT, skinny-legged, 19-year-old Australian *Wunderkind*, bucked headwind in stretch to beat Merv Lincoln to tape over Melbourne's rain-softened Olympic Park track, won mile run in 3:58.7 for second sub-four-minute performance in week (*see page 16*). Lincoln finished two yards back in eminently respectable 3:59. Said World Record Holder John Landy: "A wonderful run."

RON DELANY, delicate-stepping, self-styled lazy Irishman, dawdled just off pace until final furlong, when he hustled by Jim Beatty to win Hunter Mile at Boston Garden by 20 yards in 4:05.3. Other Boston AA winners: Dave Scurlock, North Carolina, 1,000-yard run in 2:11.1; Charlie Jenkins, Villanova, 600-yard run in 1:10.9; Charlie (Deacon) Jones, Iowa, two-mile run in 9:01.1; Charlie Pratt, Philadelphia Pioneer Club, 45-yard high hurdles in 5.6.

BASEBALL NEW YORK CITY, with grand (or grandstand) gesture, welcomed National League team to its considerable bosom. Said Mayor Robert Wagner: "The commitment is here as far as the city is concerned. Now it's up to the National League." But National League did not R.S.V.P. just for moment.

FORD FRICK, allowing that fan poll "has been a joke in recent years," announced new procedure for selecting annual All-Star teams. Frick's plan—advocated by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (July 9, 1956)—provides that each player vote for all-opponent team in his own league: man can't vote for himself, alas, or for teammate.

BOXING YVON DURELLE, a crude but violent light heavyweight from Baie St. Anne, New Brunswick, was declared TKO winner over Clarence Hinnant (subbing for grippe-stricken Tony Anthony) in seventh round at New York, when Referee Harry Kessler hastily intervened to save distressed Clarence from further pummeling. Complained Durelle: "In Canada they wouldn't have stopped it. They likes murder."

ARCHIE MOORE, that gaudy old traveling man and light-heavyweight champion of the world, knocked out Portuguese Title-holder Julio Neves with sneak hook in third round of nontitle bout at Rio de Janeiro.

FOOTBALL COACHES' musical chairs game continued at merry pace during week, to wit:

CLAY STAPLETON, 36, assistant coach at Oregon State, moved over to Jim Myers' old job as head coach at Iowa State for $14,000 annual salary, same as Myers'.

RAY NAGEL, 30, UCLA aide, assumed Cactus Jack Curtice's former chair at Utah, with announced salary of $12,000, about $2,000 less than Curtice received.

BUCK SHAW, 60, stepped down as head coach of Air Force Academy because business commitments in California precluded his spending more than five and a half months a year on job. Air Force brass promptly named BEN MARTIN of Virginia to post (*see right*).

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE, meeting in Philadelphia, abandoned bonus-choice plan because of inability to agree upon selection method which did not resemble a lottery, a practice frowned upon by congressional committee investigating professional sports. NFL also reaffirmed controversial TV policy (75-mile blackout for all games).

BOBSLEDDING GERMANY'S No. 1 and No. 2 four-man sleds, piloted by HANS ROESCH and FRANZ SCHELLE respectively, swept world championships at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, finishing one-two ahead of Italy's No. 1 sled, steered by Marino Zardini. Roesch roared down mile-long, 16-turn Olympic course in near-record 1:11.70 on last of four runs for 4:49.33 aggregate. Italy's No. 2 sled, piloted by Eugenio Monti, was disqualified after several Italian team members were caught on course at midnight before race day, sweeping off unpacked snow. "We Italians prefer icy tracks," admitted a chagrined Monti.

HORSE RACING WILLIE SHOEMAKER, the little man in the size 1½ boot, became seventh jockey in history to ride 3,000 winners (others: Johnny Longden, Sir Gordon Richards, Eddie Arcaro, Ted Atkinson, Johnny Adams, Ralph Neves) when he closed fast to bring Eternal Pere, a 4-year-old bay gelding, home first in $4,500 claiming race at Santa Anita.

STEPHANOTIS, Hasty House Farms' 5-year-old Irish-bred bay, made his move entering final turn, then set out overland to collar leaders in stretch, win mile-and-three-sixteenths $35,050 Bougainvillea Turf Handicap at Hialeah by length from English-bred stablemate, Mahan. Victory was Jockey Bill Hartack's first stakes triumph of 1958.

AUTO RACING JUAN MANUEL FANGIO, regaining his imperturbable—and winning—ways after embarrassing encounter with post last week (*see page 29*), won 175.2-mile City of Buenos Aires Grand Prix in his Maserati with average speed of 66.29 mph across rain-slicked track. Stirling Moss of England was involved in two-car smash-up on first turn when his Cooper Climax was hit by specially converted Chevrolet driven by Argentina's Jesus Ricardo Iglesias. Fumed Moss, who was uninjured: "The fool was driving too fast."

focus on the deed . . .

CHILLY RACE at St. Moritz was run off without a mishap before 4,000 hardy improvers despite the snow-blanketed course. The horses usually run cuckoo-clockwise in Switzerland whatever the weather.

CHILLING CURVE at Garmisch-Partenkirchen is negotiated by two-man bobsled of Italy's world champions, Eugenio Monti and Renzo Alverà. But Monti found the going sticky later (*see above*).

faces in the crowd . . .

BASKETBALL DUKE and PITTSBURGH tumbled last two major college unbeaten teams, turned race for No. 1 into free-for-all. Duke upset West Virginia 72-68, while Pittsburgh trounced St. John's 86-73, showed way to Temple, which also beat Redmen 81-58.

PHILADELPHIA, all hands hot, stretched win streak to four, including first home defeat for Boston in 18 games, crept closer to Syracuse in battle for second. In West, St. Louis began to crack, dropped fifth of seven games since All-Star break, but still held seven-game lead over Cincinnati.

BOATING CAROUSEL, Ash Brown's 40-foot Class C sloop, made good use of 57-hour handicap, stuck close to rhumb line, won over-all honors in 1,430-mile San Diego-Acapulco race (*see page 13*) with corrected time of 8.12:02.

COMANCHE, Jack Price's 40-foot yawl, nipped *Finisterre* by eight seconds on corrected time to win over-all title in Lipton Cup race off Miami Beach (*see below*).

SKIING JOSL RIEDER, Austrian hotel clerk, defeated compatriot Toni Sailer by .7 second to win world slalom championship at Bad Gastein. Chick Igaya of Japan was third, America's Buddy Werner a surprising fourth.

HOCKEY CANADIENS, cast in plaster much of season, carted Wingers Geoffrion and Olmstead off to infirmary, went about chores of defeating Detroit, Boston, Chicago to build NHL lead to 24 points.

MILEPOSTS INJURED—ROY CAMPANELLA, 36, roly-poly Los Angeles Dodger catcher; with fractured neck vertebrae, partial paralysis, infection in right lung, when his automobile overturned on slippery road (*see page 23*); at Glen Cove, N.Y.

FOR THE RECORD

BOXING *WAYNE BETHEA, 10-round decision over Young Jack Johnson, heavyweights, Chicago.*
JIMMY ARCHER, 10-round split decision over Danny Russo, welterweights, New York.
CHUCK SPIESER, 10-round decision over Bobby Lane, light heavyweights, Detroit.
PETER WATERMAN, 14-round TKO over Emilio Marconi, for European welterweight championship, London.

GOLF *GENE SARAZEN, Germantown, N.Y., PGA Seniors' championship, with 288 for 72 holes, Dunedin, Fla.*
MARY ANN DOWNEY, Baltimore, and MARGE LINDSAY, Decatur, Ill., women's international 4-ball tournament, on 38th hole, Hollywood, Fla.
FAY CROCKER, Uruguay, Havana women's invitational, by extra hole after tying at 232 for 54 holes, Havana.

HORSERACING *TERRANG, $27,950 San Pasqual, 1 1/16 m., by 1/2 length, in 1:41 2/5, Santa Anita. Bill Boland up.*
EKABA: $28,300 San Marcos H. (turf), 1 1/4 m., by 3 1/4 lengths, in 2:01 1/5, Santa Anita. Willie Shoemaker up.
ENCORE: $23,200 Palm Beach, 7 f., by 3/4 length, in 1 23 4/5, Hialeah. Sam Boulmetis up.

SKATING *OLEG GONCHARENKO, Russia, European speed championships, Eskilstuna, Sweden.*
ANDY KORENAK, West Allis, Wis., North American senior speed championship, West Allis.
(European figure championships, Bratislava, Czechoslovakia)
INGRID WENDL, Austria, women's championship.
KAREL DIVIN, Czechoslovakia, men's championship.

SQUASH RACQUETS *HENRI SALAUN, Boston, over John Martin, 15-12, 17-16, 15-9, Canadian championships, Toronto.*

TENNIS *LEW HOAD, Australia, $22,400 round-robin tournament, 5-0, Melbourne.*
ASHLEY COOPER, Australia, over Mal Anderson, 7-5, 6-3, 6-4, Australian championships, Sydney.

BOB HAZLE, brought up from Wichita in midseason in time to pick up outfield slack and lend hot bat (.403) to Braves' stretch drive, was honored last week as Milwaukee's Rookie of Year by local baseball writers.

PENNY PITOU, pretty, pony-tailed 19-year-old blonde from Guilford, N.H., member of U.S. women's team, was voted "Miss World Championships" by newsmen gathered in Bad Gastein for World Alpine Ski tournament.

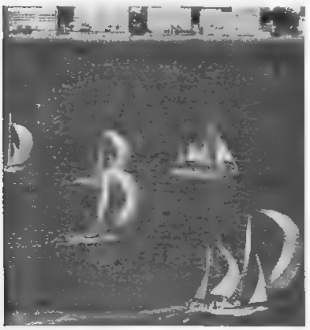
ELGIN BAYLOR, gifted Seattle basketmaker, sifted through porous Portland defense for 60 and 43 points in two games, edged past Kansas' Chamberlain and Cincinnati's Robertson into major college scoring lead.

MARILYN WHINNERAH, comely U. of Colorado senior, flashes regal smile after being named Queen of Dartmouth Winter Carnival. Host team, led by Bill Smith and Dick Taylor, won ski honors for seventh straight year.

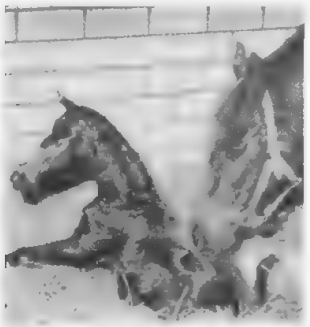
BEN MARTIN, onetime durable Navy end-halfback and more recently head coach at Virginia, where he had undistinguished record (6-13-1), has been appointed to replace Buck Shaw as Air Force Academy prepares to go big time.

BARBARA WAGNER, 19, gliding gracefully through routines with Partner Bob Paul, won Canadian pairs title for third time at Ottawa, will defend world crown in figure skating championships at Paris, Feb. 12-15.

KEN VENTURI, cocky ex-amateur off to rousing start on winter tour, came up to last hole needing birdie to win, got it when rake deflected ball out of trap and onto green, to take Phoenix Open with 274.



SPINNAKERS BILLOWING, Lipton Cup racers pass Miami Beach. High winds later made some boats strip down to bare poles.



FIRST FOAL OF NASHUA, 6, racing's top money winner, is nuzzled after birth by his mother, Windmill, 17, at Lexington, Ky.

SNOW PATROL

Skiing across the country—reports complete through the preceding weekend

East

Whiteface, N.Y.: Area's first week of operation brought skiers from Albany, western N.Y. and Montreal. Long three-mile runs kept crowd dispersed. **UP** 30, **LO** 14, **CR** 2,200.

Lake Placid, N.Y.: Resort has had surge of ski interest since opening of Whiteface nearby. Around town, one double chair lift operates at Kobl Mt., plus Pomalifts at Scott's Cobble and Fawn Ridge. Nightly accordion sessions at The Spot restaurant popular with ski crowd.

Stowe, Vt.: All trails were open and in top shape. Swissair Blue one of most frequently seen colors in stretch pants worn by coeds here for midterm ski vacations. **UP** 50, **LO** 38, **SN** 4, **CR** 1,000.

Cranmore, N.H.: Heavy snowfall filled in The Ledges run, opened it weeks earlier than usual. **UP** 50, **LO** 22, **CR** 5,000.

Wildcat, N.H.: *Skiers commenting on warmth and comfort of newly opened gondola lift (see picture).*

Cannon Mt., N.H.: Snowfall here for January broke 20-year record. **UP** 60.

Mt. Laurel, Pa.: New record enrollment in ski school last weekend. **UP** 25, **LO** 20.

Midwest

Telemark, Wis.: Powder skiing over whole hill. Group tours arrived from Carleton College, Northfield, Minn. and YWCA, Des Moines. **UP** 6, **LO** 12.

FIRST U.S. GONDOLA LIFT CARRIES SKIERS UP WILDCAT MT., NEW HAMPSHIRE

Smuggler's Skiway, Vt.: Two-mile Rum Runner trail making hit with Stowe skiers who drop over for a run. **UP** 49, **CR** 1,000.

Mad River Glen, Vt.: Skiing excellent. Powder on unpacked sections ran almost knee-deep. **UP** 50, **LO** 40, **SN** 24, **CR** 1,000.

Big Bromley, Vt.: Tucker Sno-cats kept busy packing down several days' fall of powder. **UP** 38, **LO** 28, **SN** 20, **CR** 3,000.

Mt. Snow, Vt.: Week-long snow made skiing excellent. Seven-day ski package, including lessons, lift and lodging ($80 and up) being bought by 200 skiers a week here.

Princeton Snow Bowl, N.Y.: Area caught overflow from more crowded Catskill runs. **UP** 55, **LO** 25, **SN** 10, **CR** 600.

Black Mt., N.H.: Area shared in two-foot snowfall that blanketed state, had to dig out lift lines for record crowd last weekend.

Belknap, N.H.: Liberty Mutual of Boston sponsored outing here for 400 employees, most of them on skis for first time. **UP** 40, **LO** 20.

Rib Mt., Wis.: *Record-Herald* free ski school had final session last weekend with 300 pupils competing in races. **UP** 6, **LO** 9, **SN** 3.

Boyne Mt., Mich.: Skiing excellent. Pattern parkas and light color stretch pants set style here. **UP** 10, **LO** 36, **SN** 11, **CR** 806.

Brule Mt., Mich.: Skiers crossing new Mackinaw Bridge in numbers to ski Brule and other upper peninsula areas. **UP** 10, **LO** 7.

Caberfae, Mich.: **UP** 4, **LO** 5, **SN** 3.

Porcupine, Mich.: **LO** 12, **SN** 8, **CR** 1,100.

Shelter Valley, Wis.: **LO** 10, **SN** 3.

West

Sun Valley, Idaho: Skiing excellent. Area reports 20,000 lifts tickets sold last month. Crew of 60 on hand for filming of Lucille Ball's TV show, *Lucy Goes to Sun Valley.*

Pine Basin, Idaho: Area getting mass response to free lessons offered junior skiers. **UP** 41, **LO** 35, **CR** 800.

Big Mt., Mont.: Sno-cats working overtime to take skiers to top of mountain where snowfields are waist-deep. **UP** 60, **LO** 48, **SN** 10, **CR** 700.

Alta, Utah: Deepest powder skiing of season. Access road blocked last weekend by snow slide, but skiers arrived via Salt Lake special buses and walked in over drifts. **UP** 95, **LO** 88, **SN** 72.

Jackson Hole, Wyo.: Conditions perfect last weekend. Skiers making trip report deep-powder skiing on Teton Pass best of season.

Aspen, Colo.: Powder snow has been arriving nightly. Aspen Institute holding first winter session for executives who will divide time between skiing and seminar discussions on humanities. **UP** 63, **LO** 27, **SN** 16, **CR** 1,600.

Far West

Squaw Valley, Calif.: Midweek snowstorm piled up avalanche slabs which were removed by 11 shots from 75 mm. cannon. Gunner was Monty Atwater, U.S. Forest Service avalanche expert on loan to area until after 1960 Winter Olympics are over here. **UP** 95, **LO** 50.

Sugar Bowl, Calif.: Biggest crowd in area's history skied here Saturday. Area offering five-day $27 midweek special for meals and lodging. **UP** 100, **LO** 80, **SN** 30, **CR** 3,000.

Heavenly Valley, Calif.: Area had best snow cover of season last weekend. **UP** 72, **LO** 48.

Mammoth Mt., Calif.: Skiing fine. **UP** 72, **LO** 64, **SN** 12, **CR** 2,000.

Dodge Ridge, Calif.: **UP** 84, **LO** 48, **SN** 36, **CR** 1,200

Badger Pass, Calif.: **UP** 48, **SN** 5, **CR** 2,000.

China Peak, Calif.: **LO** 48, **UP** 48, **CR** 2,000.

Big Bear, Calif.: Operating daily. **LO** 2, **UP** 8, **SN** 6. **CR** 500.

Mt. Baldy, Calif.: Skiing on rope tow lift at notch only. **CR** 100.

Mt. Hood, Ore.: Best skiing of year. Rooms at lodge reserved for college students participating in carnival next weekend.

Mt. Spokane, Wash.: Dry new powder filled marks and moguls, put entire mountain in good shape.

White Pass, Wash.: Expert skiers favoring Marker toe irons and release heel cables as combination for maximum safety.

Cayuse Pass, Wash.: Area's 4,800-foot elevation gave it driest skiing in region.

Check resorts for late condition changes

UP—*inches of snow on upper slopes and trails*

LO—*inches of snow on lower slopes and trails*

SN—*inches of snowfall last week*

CR—*number of skiers last Saturday*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—Dick Carroll Columbus Citizen. 8—Photopress, N.Y. 9—Lyle Parker Miami Daily News. 15—Right, Ray Metzger; Left, George Silk-LIFE. 16—Dick Smith. 12, 13—Joe Linetsch, Ezra Bowen. 14, 15—Ezra Bowen. Photographer Re. Wallace. 16—Melbourne Herald. 17—Austria Ian News and Information Bureau. 18—Ralph Morse-LIFE. 24-26—drawings by Alex. 27—Gene Daniels; Boots Star. 28—Wayne Miller-Magazine Bot. Moreland St. Petersburg Times; A.P. 29—Bill Ray-LIFE, U.P., Soviotor. 33—Ray Metzger. 38—Clarence B. Schmidt-Milwaukee Journal. 42—A.P. 43—Hans Carlson. 52—Robert Mack. 57—Niels Lauritzen-Milwaukee Journal. 58—Al Panzera.

COMING EVENTS

February 7 to 16

● *Television*
★ *Color television*
■ *Network radio*
All times E.S.T. except as otherwise noted

Friday, February 7

BASKETBALL
Professional
Cincinnati vs. Philadelphia, Detroit vs. St. Louis, at Philadelphia
Minneapolis vs. Boston, New York vs. Syracuse, at Boston.

BOAT SHOW
Chicago National Boat Show, Chicago (through Feb. 16)

BOXING
● ■ Paoli Rosi vs. Joey Lopes, lightweights, 10 rds., Syracuse, N.Y., 10 p.m. (NBC).

HOCKEY
Leading college games
Colorado College vs. North Dakota, Colorado Springs, Colo. (also Feb. 8).
Michigan Tech vs. Michigan State, Houghton, Mich. (also Feb. 8).
Minnesota vs. Michigan, Minneapolis (also Feb. 8).
St. Lawrence vs. RPI, Canton, N.Y.

RODEO
San Antonio Livestock Exposition Rodeo, $24,375, San Antonio (through Feb. 16).

SKATING
Eastern Figure Skating Championships, Troy, N.Y. (through Feb. 9).

Saturday, February 8

BASKETBALL
Leading college games
Arkansas vs. Rice, Fayetteville, Ark.
Dartmouth vs. Columbia, Hanover, N.H.
● Duke vs. North Carolina, Durham, N.C., 2 p.m. (Atlantic Coast Conference Regional; Sports Network, Inc.).
Duquesne vs. Dayton, Pittsburgh.
Indiana vs. Michigan State, Bloomington, Ind.
Kansas vs. Nebraska, Lawrence, Kans.
Kansas State vs. Iowa State, Manhattan, Kans.
Kentucky vs. Mississippi, Lexington, Ky.
North Carolina State vs. South Carolina, Raleigh, N.C.
Oklahoma State vs. Bradley, Stillwater, Okla.
St. Joseph's vs. Cincinnati, Philadelphia
St. Louis vs. Wichita, St. Louis.
Tennessee vs. Mississippi State, Knoxville, Tenn.
Wake Forest vs. Maryland, Winston-Salem, N.C.
(Professional)
Minneapolis at New York
● St. Louis at Syracuse, 2 p.m. (NBC).

BOATING
Nassau Cup Ocean Race, Nassau
Mid-Winter 110 Class Championship Regatta, Tampa (also Feb. 9)

GOLF
● All-Star Golf, Dow Finsterwald vs. Roberto de Vicenzo, Las Vegas, Nev., 4 p.m. in each time zone (ABC).

HOCKEY
Boston at Toronto.
Chicago at Montreal
● New York at Detroit, 2 p.m. (CBS).

HORSE RACING
● McLennan Handicap, $50,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/8 m., Hialeah, Fla., 4:30 p.m. (NBC).
● Santa Margarita Handicap, $50,000, 3-yr.-olds & up (fillies & mares), 1 1/8 m., Santa Anita, Calif., 4:30 p.m., P.S.T. (CBS; Pacific Network).

SKIING
National Cross-Country and Combined, Rumford, Me. (also Feb. 9).

TENNIS
Pro tour, Hoad vs. Gonzales, San Francisco.

TRACK & FIELD
Millrose Games, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York.

WINTER CARNIVAL
Intercollegiate Winter Sports Carnival, Mt. Hood, Ore. (also Feb. 9).

Sunday, February 9

AUTO RACING
NASCAR International Safety & Performance Trials, Daytona Beach, Fla. (through Feb. 23)

BASKETBALL
Professional
Boston at Syracuse.
Minneapolis at Cincinnati.
New York at Detroit.
St. Louis at Philadelphia.

HOCKEY
Detroit at Chicago
Montreal at New York
Toronto at Boston

ROLLER SKATING
Roller Derby, New York (ABC, New York locally).*

TENNIS
Pro tour, Hoad vs. Gonzales, Los Angeles.

Monday, February 10

BASKETBALL
Leading college games
Colorado vs. Kansas, Boulder, Colo.
Drake vs. Wichita, Des Moines
Kentucky vs. Mississippi State, Lexington, Ky.
Michigan State vs. Iowa, East Lansing, Mich.
Oregon State vs. Idaho, Corvallis, Ore.

BOXING
● Mickey Crawford vs. Tex Gonzales, middleweights, 10 rds., St. Nick's, New York, 10 p.m. DuMont)

DOG SHOW
Westminster Kennel Club Show, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York (also Feb. 11).

Tuesday, February 11

BASKETBALL
Leading college games
San Francisco vs. St. Mary's, San Francisco.
Virginia vs. North Carolina, Charlottesville, Va.
(Professional)
Detroit vs. Philadelphia, Syracuse vs. Boston, at Philadelphia
New York vs. St. Louis, Cincinnati vs. Minneapolis, at St. Louis.

Wednesday, February 12

BASKETBALL
Leading college games
Cincinnati vs. Bradley, Cincinnati.
Dartmouth vs. Harvard, Hanover, N.H.
Dayton vs. DePaul, Dayton.
Oklahoma vs. Oklahoma State, Norman, Okla.
Temple vs. LaSalle, Philadelphia.
(Professional)
New York at Minneapolis
St. Louis at Detroit.
Syracuse at Boston.

BOXING
● Joey Giardello vs. Franz Szuzina, middleweights, 10 rds., Philadelphia, 10 p.m. (ABC).

SKATING
World Figure Skating Championships, Paris (through Feb. 15).

TENNIS
Pro tour, Hoad vs. Gonzales, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York

Thursday, February 13

BASKETBALL
(Leading college games)
Maryland vs. Clemson, College Park, Md.
Wake Forest vs. North Carolina, Winston-Salem, N.C.

GOLF
National Baseball Players Golf Championship, Miami Springs, Fla. (through Feb. 16).
Texas Open, $15,000, San Antonio (through Feb. 16)
St. Petersburg Women's Open Invitational, $7,500, St. Petersburg, Fla. (through Feb. 16).

TENNIS
Pro tour, Hoad vs. Gonzales, Washington, D.C. (also Feb. 14

Friday, February 14

BOXING
● ■ Stefan Redl vs. Gale Kerwin, welterweights, 10 rds., Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)

HORSE RACING
● San Antonio Handicap, $50,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1¼ m., Santa Anita, Calif., 4:45 p.m., P.S.T. (CBS; Pacific Network).
● The Everglades, $25,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 1/8 m, ■ Hialeah, Fla., 4:30 p.m. (NBC).

TRACK & FIELD
New York AC Games, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York.

Sunday, February 16

ROLLER SKATING
Roller Derby, New York (ABC, New York locally).*

*See local listing.

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BURNING "CELEBES," SEEN FROM THE "ESCAPADE," SHOWS NO SIGN OF HER CREW

A RACE

Fire almost made a tragedy of the famed San Diego to Acapulco ocean race but it all had a happy ending

FROM San Diego to the rock-rounded harbor of Acapulco, Mexico is 1,430 miles of blue Pacific salt, and the front-runners in the San Diego-to-Acapulco ocean race were nearing the midway point when fire welled out of the generator locker of one of the fastest boats in the fleet —the 69-foot ketch *Celebes* of San Francisco. In last week's issue, thanks to abbreviated ship-to-shore radio messages, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Ezra Bowen, aboard the *Escapade*, told the story of the fire and of *Escapade*'s

LIFE RAFT, for which the 12 [illegible] crew abandoned blazing vessel, is brought alongside after *Escapade* spotted its orange tarpaulin.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
FEBRUARY 10, 1958

THEY'LL REMEMBER

rescue of the *Celebes*' 12-man crew.

As *Escapade* made port in Acapulco last week, Bowen sent the rest of the story and dispatched a photographic record—in pictures taken by himself and others (*see below*) of a race that almost ended in tragedy.

One of the decisive men of the story is James Camp of Bakersfield, Calif., *Escapade's* owner. It was Jim Camp, a stocky, big-shouldered man with a habit of clamping cigars between his teeth at an upward angle, who looked at the column of smoke pouring skyward from the distant *Celebes* and decided that this was no mere cookstove misadventure. "Start the engine," Camp ordered.

Now an ocean racer's power is obviously not to be used during a race, and to set a propeller turning means automatic disqualification. On *Escapade* they did not hesitate; they headed for *Celebes* under full power. It was not until later, when the Coast Guard radioed a "well done," that *Escapade* could sail for Acapulco again. And the five hours Jim Camp's ship had spent in its rescue mission—and in standing by until *Celebes* finally sank—were written off the record.

By this time the spunky crew of *Celebes* were laying to with a will. Camp had offered to put them ashore at the nearest port; they had voted unanimously to go on with the race, this time as *Escapade* hands. It was a sporting decision, for until the fire *Celebes* had been sailing well ahead of her allowance time. She was, indeed, seemingly on her way to winning a major ocean race.

When Captain John Hedden's men clambered aboard the rescue ship they were asked: "How did the fire start?" It is likely that the complete answer will never be known. What is worth recording is that Dennis Jordan of the *Celebes*, speaking for them all, answered up: "We were going so fast we just caught on fire."

Near Acapulco word reached them by radio of the record-breaking time (eight days 12 hours 34 minutes) achieved by *Windward*, the handsome 81-foot scratch boat. Later they were able to congratulate the little *Carousel*, 40 feet, winner on corrected time. But the big moment was when *Escapade* put in—third in elapsed time, 10th by corrected time.

Acapulco's harbor fleet escorted them in. Jim Camp ordered his *Escapade* crew aft. "*Celebes* crew up forward," he shouted. "I want *Celebes* to finish first." Quiet Captain Jack Hedden of *Celebes* told Camp: "Jim, I've been thinking for four days what to say and I can't."

FOR THE ALBUM OF A HAPPY ENDING, TURN THE PAGE

JUST BEFORE SINKING *Celebes*, burned to waterline except for bow and pulpit, trails her ballooner in the Pacific. Moments later she disappeared in 300 fathoms.

RAFT MADE FAST to *Escapade*, crewmen haul *Celebes*' grateful survivors aboard. Several of the men were burned, but none seriously. All were tuckered and chilled.

"CELEBES'" OWNER, JOHN H. HEDDEN OF SAN FRANCISCO, WATCHES HER LAST MOMENTS

"ESCAPADE'S" CREW, gathered for album snapshot, are *standing, left* Dick Dixon, Sigurd Wagner *(seated)*, Ray Wallace, Ezra Bowen and

SPECTATOR FLEET of [illegible] boat [illegible] escorts [illegible] to Acapulco harbor after *Escapade* crosses the finish line. Firecrackers, set off on the heights above the harbor, popped an antique greeting. The Acapulco arrival party, which is often described as more exhausting than the race itself, was staged with more zest than ordinary to celebrate the rescue.

THE TWO SKIPPERS share [illegible] as *Escapade* crosses finish line. John Hedden *left* lives aboard *Celebes* even in port and had no regular

Joe Linesch. In the second row is Lauri Suikki (dark glasses), then Carl Stewart, Joe Teagarden and *Escapade* Owner Jim Camp. In the back row, peering around shipmates' shoulders, are Stuart Devonald, Stan Sponholz and Don Hart.

"CELEBES'" CREW are (*first row*) Nick Kushelevsky, Dennis Jordan, John Hedden. Second row: John Loughlin, James Pell, Dean Morrison. Third row: Fred Herrington, Frank Kent, Strat Enright, James Hurst Jr. Rear: Wellman Farley, Charles O'Brien.

home ashore. Jim Camp of *Escapade* made the courteous gesture of sharing the wheel to show his respect for the race *Celebes* had run before fire broke out aboard her.

BALLAD OF BURNING "CELEBES," composed by Stuart Devonald, guitar-playing member of *Escapade*'s crew, was sung to admiring crowds after ship tied up at Acapulco. One stanza suggests racing sailor's competitive impulse: "What shall we do? What shall we do? We can sail right by and let the devils fry." But idea was rejected.

TWO MIRACLE MILES IN

Herb Elliott, an Aussie schoolboy when Landy and Bannister were blazing the four-minute trail, turned the trick last week and is only sorry he didn't beat the world record

ACCORDING TO the man who first conquered it, the four-minute mile, a once seemingly impenetrable barrier standing between the ambitions and accomplishments of middle-distance runners the world over, was no more than a chimera—an imaginary monster that, once challenged, would promptly vanish. The torrent of successors that have followed Roger Bannister through the hole he breached in this dike in 1954 has amply justified his words. Within four years, 17 more of the world's top milers, led by the great John Landy of Australia, made the four-minute mile an almost routine mark for runners to shoot at.

One day last week, a young Australian who was little more than a gawky schoolboy in his early teens when Landy and Bannister ran their history-making Miracle Mile at Vancouver, stepped out on a cinder track at Melbourne's Olympic Park and—for the second time within a single week—covered the mile in less than four minutes with time to spare. The boy's principal reaction to his feat was a stinging disappointment at having failed by .7 second to match Landy's official world record of 3:58.

As the single brightest star in what must be considered a whole new generation of milers, Herbert Elliott, the rangy, 19-year-old son of a Perth furniture dealer, has virtually set up for himself and other milers a new standard to shoot at: the 3:55 mile. "I feel sure he'll make it," says Elliott's coach, Percy Cerutty, a former Aussie track star who was one of Landy's mentors. "Here," said John Landy himself when he saw Herb do the mile in 4:00.4 a year ago, "is the greatest natural runner I have ever seen."

This new phenomenon first came to the attention of Coach Cerutty when he was invited to Perth in the early 1950s by the Western Australian AAA to scout their local talent. Herb Elliott, a lean-jawed, long-legged youth who sailed along the cinders with the stride, the power—and some of the look—of a young ostrich in full flight, was then a top schoolboy miler able to cover the distance in an easy 4:22. Cerutty's interest was most definitely aroused, but, sad to say, Elliott's own interest in running soon waned, largely as the result of a broken foot he suffered helping to move the family piano. By the time Cerutty had returned to Melbourne to devote his talents to likelier Olympic stars, Herb's interests had fallen to a plane more common to teen-agers: the pursuit of long nights, short beers and *plenty of fun. It was a regimen that* would have gotten short shrift from the classics-loving coach whose belief in a Spartan routine of physical fitness came close to fanaticism.

Then, like many another Aussie family in 1956, the Elliotts decided to take the trip to Melbourne to see the Olympic Games. As young Herb watched the greatest runners from all over the world straining their utmost toward the Olympic tapes, he felt the dead spark of ambition kindling to light within him once more. Close at hand to fan it to flame was Coach Cerutty. With the coach's encouragement, the young athlete decided at last to stay in Melbourne and, as he put it, "do some hard training for the first time in my life."

Under Cerutty's direction, Elliott took up residence in a cramped bunkhouse at the coach's famed Portsea training center. Each day, whipped by the icy ocean winds on a sandy clearing nearby, he hefted dumbbells and barbells fashioned of ancient and rusty lengths of railroad track, old bolts and water pipe to develop the massive chest muscles he had let go flabby from disuse. "I have never seen a young man with greater determination or a greater capacity for self-punishment," said his coach.

When not busy expanding lungs and chest, Elliott, often with Cerutty at his side, kept his long, lean legs in

ELLIOTT STOCKS UP ON SOME TRAINING GROCERIES, INCLUDING RAISINS, ROLLED OATS

A WEEK

trim pounding through ankle-deep sand, frigid surf water and sharp gravel on the coach's effective but unorthodox training course. The first time Elliott ever covered this torturous mile-plus, he was clocked at 5:31. Over and over again, to the amazement of fellow athletes, some of whom had never been able to make it even once, he ran up and down an 80-foot sand dune. Now, in an "instinctive" training ritual through which, he says, "I seem to know by intuition what I should do," this once-listless young man who limited his schoolboy training to a few idle laps on the school track runs up to 25 miles a day. "Since I've been with Perc," said Herb, "my aims have changed. I feel like a flywheel. I needed something to get me going, and Perc started me off. Now that I've got going, I know that I can keep going on and on."

Neither Elliott nor his coach has much use for the cerebral and mathematically calculated training methods employed by famed Australian mile coach Franz Stampfl. "If you can win from the front," says Herb Elliott, "you can win from the back. To prove yourself the best runner, you must get out to the front sometime and run them off their legs."

An implicit believer in his coach's theory that strength and spirit are stimulated by competition, Elliott has deliberately set about making himself the best and toughest there is in every way, to outlast, outthink and outrun every other runner there is. Some indication of the strength and stamina his determination has bred became heroically apparent two weeks ago. On a day when other men might have chosen to rest, Herb Elliott, less than 24 hours after running his first sub-four-minute mile, plunged into the icy water off his training camp and, after battling the surf for half an hour, saved a drowning girl caught in a savage undertow. END

DEEP-CHESTED Aussie displays an easy style which Landy calls "the greatest."

SPECTACLE

Photographed by Dan Weiner

Squash at its Best

Squash racquets, whether for champions or tyros, is a sporting challenge and a fast-rising U.S. fever

Power-squash stylist Diehl Mateer hits volley as gallery follows the ball.

The Battle of Waterloo, Wellington claimed, was won on the playing fields of Eton. History failed to record how Eton's venerable scholastic rival Harrow received this bald statement, but around 1850 the Harrow lads devised squash racquets, a game of such speed and fascination that it has spread the world over, and no sports-oriented general has publicly claimed a battle for Eton since.

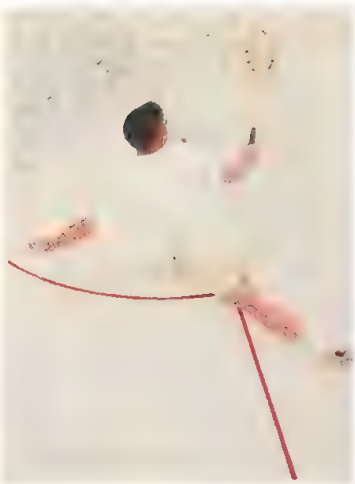
On the following pages squash racquets is caught at its modern and American best. Frozen into graceful and dramatic immobility on the red-striped rectangular court are National Champion Henri Salaun of Boston and Twice National Champion Diehl Mateer of Philadelphia. Perfectly balanced with racquet cocked (*right*), Salaun is about to whack a black hard-rubber ball which weighs an ounce and is a little larger than a golf ball. When Salaun does whack it he will do his incomparable best to whack it where Mateer isn't—or can't be—before the ball bounces on the floor twice. He may play a hard rail shot which will crack against the front wall and streak back low, hugging the side wall. He may play a deftly soft drop shot, or a crisp three-wall corner shot. For, in squash, the ball may be hit off any and all walls so long as it eventually reaches the front wall on the fly.

It is this multiplicity of possible shots that makes squash racquets so uniquely exciting, and there are few players who can hit or retrieve such shots with the brilliance of Henri Raoul Salaun and G. Diehl Mateer Jr. Fortunately for the rank and file, the brilliance of a Salaun or a Mateer is not required to play and enjoy the game. The ball does not have to be hit over a net or into a hole and it never gets lost. Tennis clothes serve as squash clothes. A racquet costs from $10 to $20, a ball about 85¢, and both will survive a year of average abuse.

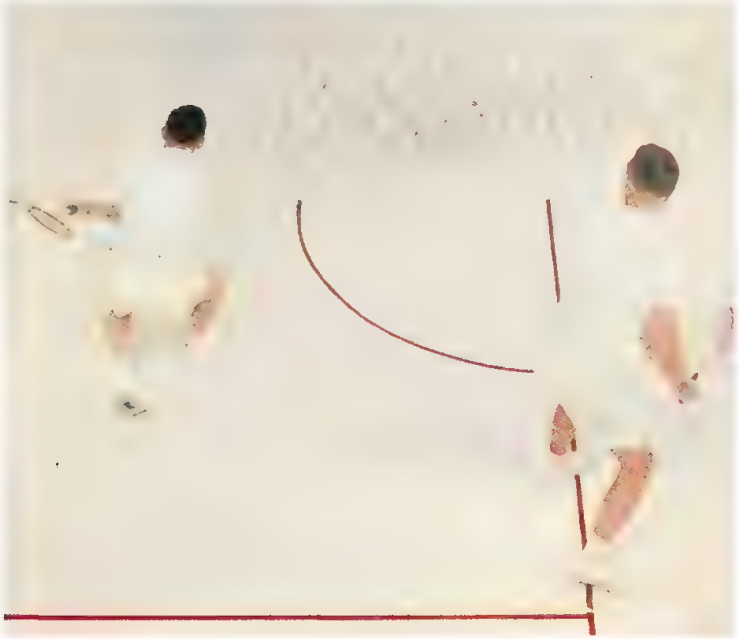
Those are some of the reasons why there are more than 50,000 squash players and 2,000 squash courts tucked away in schools, colleges and clubs across the U.S. And that is why

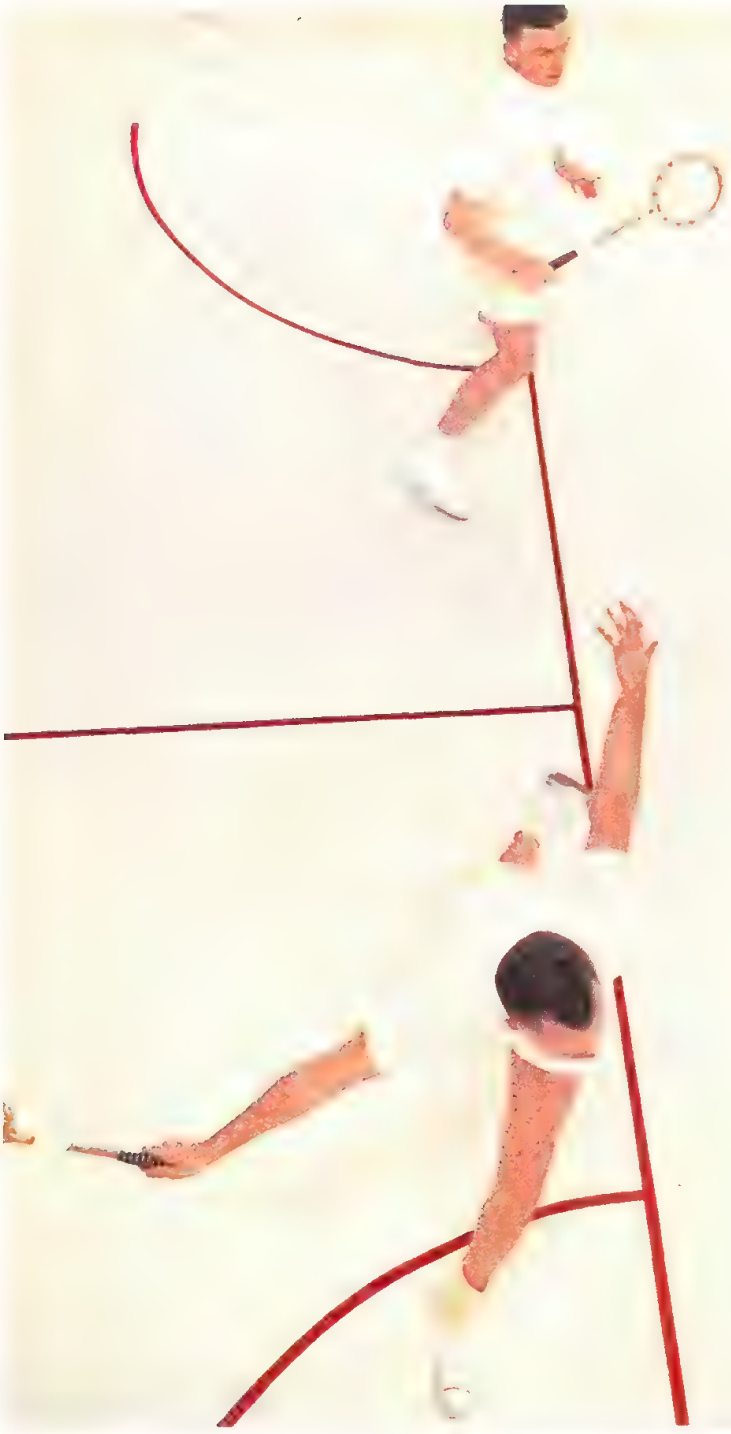
continued on page 53

Champion Henri Salaun goes deep in backcourt for drive hit by Diehl Mateer. Action is typical of Salaun-Mateer matches in which Salaun's seemingly impossible retrieves and fine control of ball balance Mateer's powerful offensive.



Fluid motion and classic style of championship squash is beautifully demonstrated by Salaun and Mateer. An exceedingly fast four-wall game, squash demands stamina as much as speed. Pattern of play shown here illustrates how hard hitter like Mateer will try to dominate front court, forcing tricky shotmaker like Salaun to play from defensive position.





Salaun watches as rangy Matey shows the squash form in taking forehand shot off side wall. Both are all-round racket wielders. Salaun holds New England tennis title, and Matey was once Middle States Junior Tennis Champion

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Muscles, Not Missiles

LONG BEFORE the next summit meeting—so often discussed and deferred—representatives of the U.S. and Russia may come face to face at meetings of a different sort: in a gymnasium in Stillwater, Okla., perhaps, or in the Los Angeles Coliseum, or in Madison Square Garden in New York. For the agreement reached last week between the diplomatic representatives of the two great powers calls for an exchange of scientists, technicians, musicians, teachers and athletes. The sports exchange will involve both individuals and teams, and will include basketball (for both men and women), wrestling, weight lifting and the track and field events.

The inclusion of athletes is good. The men of science and the technicians of the two nations will speak principally to each other, and often through interpreters. The musicians will appear formally before comparatively small groups. But Russian athletes in the United States will fill stadiums and gymnasiums and armories with people eager to see them. And it is almost certain that the sight of a Russian laughing, or losing, or winning, or tasting the first hamburger of his life will remove a grain of fear from the mind of anyone who sees him and put a grain of confidence in its place.

We can now expect our own champions to have the same effect on the Russians of Moscow and Leningrad. American athletes have already proved, outside the Iron Curtain, that they are first-rate ambassadors.

The cost of the proposed exchange has been estimated at $150,000 by the Amateur Athletic Union which will have charge of most of the arrangements. If the AAU manages to raise the money, it may well be the best-spent $150,000 of 1958.

'It's Campy!'

THE CRASH awakened Dr. W. Spencer Gurnee from a sound sleep at 3:34 a.m. He looked out his bedroom window and saw the overturned car just in front of his house. As he ran downstairs in his bathrobe he called to his wife, "Bring my case. Hurry."

The sedan was lying on its right side, wheels still spinning. It had skidded off the wet and sandy pavement, bounced against a telephone pole and flipped over after edging up a slight embankment. The driver was pinned against the jammed right door. He was conscious and moaning, "Please, somebody help me. My back

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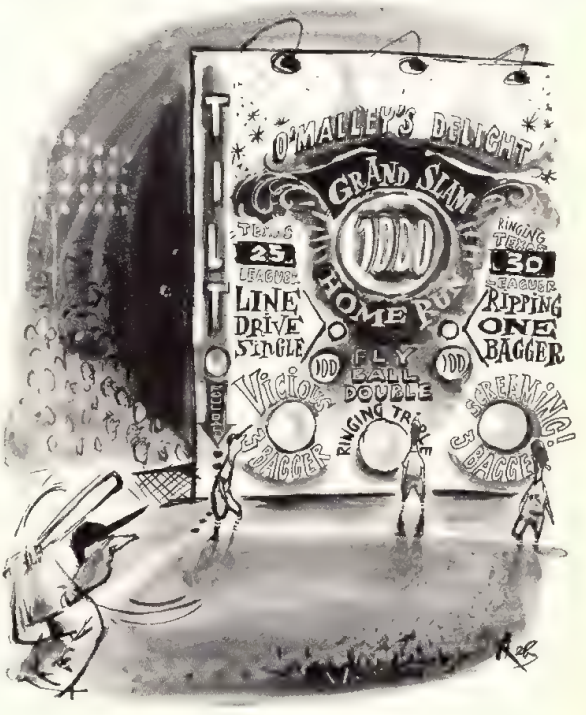
DODGERS HAVE SHORTEST LEFT FIELD IN MAJOR LEAGUES
—News Item



hurts. Get me out of here." Dr. Gurnee gave the man an injection of morphine. He noticed that his patient seemed not to feel the needle.

It took half an hour for police to right the overturned vehicle and free the driver. As rescuers lifted him, someone in the small predawn crowd that had somehow assembled gasped in recognition: "It's Campy!"

At the hospital in nearby Glen Cove, L.I., about an hour later, X rays revealed that Roy Campanella, 36, for 10 years and five pennants the catcher for the Brooklyn Dodgers, had broken two vertebrae in his neck. The fracture had pinched his spinal cord and had caused paralysis from the shoulders down. Doctors advised immediate surgery. "Do whatever you have to do," said Campanella.

That afternoon and the next day, the press bannered the news from Brooklyn to Los Angeles. Baseball fans—including President Eisenhower, who sent a telegram, and many an American who does not particularly think of himself as a baseball fan—echoed the distress of the man in the crowd at the scene of the accident: "It's Campy!" It suddenly became very clear that Roy Campanella is one of the most beloved figures in baseball. Sportswriters consulted their memories and leafed through old clippings to find and retell their favorite stories about him. They decided that he had done as much as any man, maybe more, to make the Negro welcome in major league baseball ("Don't press too hard," he once cautioned the rambunctious Negro pioneer Jackie Robinson, "I like it up here"). They reprinted Campy's explanation of what it takes to be a major leaguer: "You have to be a man, but you have to have a lot of little boy in you, too."

The surgeon who performed the operation announced that "it could be anything from two months to years" before Campanella can walk again and added ominously: "In my opinion he would be foolish if he tried to continue playing baseball."

Though everyone seemed to be ready to count him out, Campy was not giving up so easily. Three days after the accident (and after a tracheotomy to stem a spreading lung infection), the hospital reported definite improvements: "His lung is better . . . there is further improvement in his feeling, which is now down to the knee on the left side."

Campy wanted to make sure the world knew he was not quitting. He remembered his old Dodger uniform number. "Tell them not to give 39 to anybody else," he told his wife. "I'll use that number again."

Stan's Contract

IT WAS contract time in St. Louis and Sportsman of the Year Stan Musial dropped into the offices of the Cardinals, on invitation, to look over salary terms offered him for the 1958 season. The payoff line read "$100,000." Now, as all the world knows, Stan the Man has been getting something like $80,000 a year, top salary in the National League, for playing baseball for the Cardinals and Mr. Gussie Busch. He had not come right out in public to ask for a raise, but, naturally enough, he smiled, reached for a pen and signed his Stanley Musial on the dotted line. "I would have settled for less," he said.

Stan's raise was Gussie Busch's own idea. He spent no great time explaining the reflections that led to the decision—though, in a statement of such formality that Gussie had obviously prepared it in advance, he

did say, "I am confident that Stan again will bring back the batting championship and lead us in a wonderful fight for the National pennant."

Mr. Busch's generous decision may have been dictated by sentiment, practicality or a mixture of both. Certainly, with National League baseball about to invade Los Angeles and San Francisco, Busch will get his money back. Coast fans will be even more eager to see the Cardinals and the National League's only $100,000 ballplayer live and in full natural color.

Good business aside, it is pleasant to see an Old Pro Sportsman like Stan Musial get the added recognition, to see him raised to a figure a bit closer to his value to St. Louis, to the National League and to professional baseball.

They Said It

Vice-President Richard Nixon, *extemporizing at the New York Baseball Writers' dinner: "Baseball without fans is like Jayne Mansfield without a sweater." (Laughter.) "That can be taken two ways can't it?"*

Dick Mayer, *reflecting on 1957, in which he won both the U.S. Open and the Tam-World golf championships: "The Mayers moved from poverty to tax-poor so fast we didn't know what happened."*

Jocko Conlan, *National League umpire: "Those pitchers who are always asking for a new ball, I fool 'em. I take the ball they complain about, stick it in my pocket, pull it out, and they think they've got a new one."*

Dizzy Dean, *deploring the effect on the minors if the majors nationally televise Sunday as well as Saturday games: "I wish Judge Landis could turn over in his grave."*

Focus on Fencing

ONLY ONCE in the history of modern Olympics has the United States carried off a gold medal in fencing. That was in 1904 when A.V.Z. Post, an American living in Cuba, gave all his challengers a sound drubbing with the quarterstaff, a weapon made famous by Robin Hood and his merry men. Unfortunately the quarterstaff was never again officially

admitted as part of a sport whose proper weapons are the foil, the sabre and the épée. As a result, the U.S. has been forced ever since to be a poor also-ran in the arenas of international swordsmanship.

One reason for this is that fencing is thought by most Americans to be some sort of a sissy sport fit only for those unequipped to do anything else. Europe's fencers on the other hand—particularly those in France, Italy and Hungary—are as pampered and petted as Hollywood screen stars.

No one regrets this more than a tall, dashing and handsome U.S. fencer named Jose de Capriles, who, like his elder brother Miguel, is not only a championship swordsman in all three weapons but a former U.S. Olympic team captain as well. This year, thanks to a suddenly blurted impulse on the part of Capriles, a claims attorney for the Lehigh Valley Railroad in his disarmed moments, the United States for the first time in history will play host to the greatest fencers in the world as they battle each other for the international championship.

The last world championships were held in France with the warmest blessings and the solidest financial support of the French government. The next-but-one are slated for Moscow, where the same situation can readily be expected in the established tradition of Russian sport vis-à-vis the West. At a meeting of the International Committee shortly after the Hungarian revolution the question arose as to whether Budapest would be available as an arena for the world championships. Amid the pursed lips pondering this question, Jose de Capriles, the U.S. representative, blurted something like, "Well, why not come over to my place?" The end result of his was the scheduling of the 1958 championships at Philadelphia.

Appalled at his own words, Capriles, a hard-working U.S. businessman of moderate means, soon found himself faced with the task of entertaining several score of the world's greatest swordsmen in the manner to which they were accustomed.

Capriles' fellow fencers backed him to the hilt. A quick trip to Washington and reams of correspondence ensured the support of the U.S. State Department, which promised to do everything in its power to promote an international event of such vast importance to the betterment of global good will. Unhappily the one thing that was not in the State Department's power to provide was money. At a rough estimate, Capriles and his friends figure it will take from $50,000 to $75,000 to stage the show. The question that most occupies the time and thoughts of those interested in the welfare of American fencing is where to get it. A number of large corporations have already offered to feed the kitty and the fencers are working overtime trying to coax more into the act. With a confidence bred of long years of evading the sharper thrusts of a fateful sword, they don't appear too worried.

Meanwhile, as arrangements go forward for the bouts to be held in Philadelphia next August, the fencers hope that the resultant blaze of publicity will ignite a new wave of popular enthusiasm for their favorite sport. To fan this flame to white heat, the fencers are even daring to hope that the Prince of Monaco himself will appear in person to present the coveted Rainier Gold Cup to the winner in the natal city of his beauteous Princess Grace—Kelly, that is.

"It's getting late. I think I'll turn in."

Heads and Legs

WHAT marshal of France commanded Napoleon's right wing at the Battle of Austerlitz? You had to be told it was Marshal Nicolas Jean de Dieu Soult? Well, get out your track shoes and see if you can beat your own best time in the 100 meters.

With such *non sequiturs* as this, a new-style quiz show is currently goading the vicarious competitive spirit of some 2,500,000 avid French TV fans every Thursday night, a feat made even more remarkable by the fact that there are only some 700,000 TV

continued

sets in the nation. Conceived and directed by a burly and ebullient entrepreneur named Pierre Bellemare, the gimmick-strewn show, which is called *Têtes et Jambes*, picks up where even the most imaginative U.S. giveaways leave off. Resolving an argument that has raged ever since the Biblical matchmakers paired brainy little David against brawny Goliath in the 64,000-shekel championship, Bellemare has attempted to provide his viewers with the best of the two worlds of can-do and know-how.

No single contestant on Bellemare's panel of experts is expected to excel in both departments, but when Brain —in the person of some human encyclopedia—gives out, then Brawn—in the person of a famed athletic champion—is there to take over. Last week, one Marcel Doher, a retired army officer and expert on Napoleon, failed to identify an obscure Napoleonic staff officer from the biographical description he was given. To bail him out, the Brawn of the program —one of France's top amateur relay teams—was required to match its former time of 45 seconds flat for 400 meters. As the TV cameras zoomed from the quiz studio to a nearby track, the panting runners turned the trick and the jackpot was saved for another chance.

Not all the relief men run so smoothly. Last month, an expert on world exploration flubbed three difficult questions in a row. Three times, his Brawn—a slight-looking champion weight lifter—was asked to help out by hefting 125 kilos from a snatch position and 150 kilos "clean and jerk." The weight lifter did his task twice with little trouble. Asked to repeat it a third time, he could only pant and beg hoarsely for a respite. For a full five minutes, TV's peering eye watched silently (which in the U.S. would have been something of a feat in itself) while the weight lifter steeled himself for the tremendous ordeal. At long last, with a mighty heave, he raised the weight aloft. A great gasp of relief reverberated through the living rooms of France, and once again Brain and Brawn alike were rewarded with their prize —a cool (for France) $2,500.

31 Quail

ALMOST EVERYBODY in the Southwest knows, because they have heard it all their lives, that no man can eat a quail every day for a month. People disagree on why this is so. Some claim that the rich, gamy flavor of the birds not only palls but eventually repels, and that the diner, faced with his 21st quail or so, can only turn pale, swallow hard and back away from the table. Others warn that the experiment may be fatal. "There is something in quail meat," they say darkly, "that turns the stomach to stone."

For 10 years Byron Lockhart, an attorney and sportsman of Austin, Texas, has been planning to put the old campfire maxim to a test. The trouble was, he could never get hold of 31 quail. This year, however, he did (he credits the drought-breaking rains and the marksmanship of friends) and on January 20, in the coffee shop of the Stephen F. Austin Hotel, sat down to a breakfast of tomato juice, hashed brown potatoes, broiled quail, buttered toast, peach preserves and coffee. Every day since then he has had quail for breakfast, and he hopes to stick to the same bill of fare until February 19, thus adding a bit to the world's accumulation of knowledge and also collecting three $10 bets made at various times in the past with friends.

"We wanted to make this a carefully controlled experiment," says Lockhart, "and to make the conditions as onerous as possible. So we agreed that the quail had to be cooked the same way every day—broiled—and eaten at the same hour—8 a.m.—for maximum monotony. We chose breakfast because that seemed like the most onerous time for eating quail. And we decided on 31 days instead of 30 so that nobody could claim I hadn't stuck with it for a full month."

The birds have been plucked, not skinned, and are served with legs and

wings intact. Most of them are ordinary bobwhites, but 10 are blue Mexican quail, much stronger in flavor. (The proportion has no significance, having been determined simply by the fact that no other quail were available.)

The judge of the competition is Conrad Fath, an Austin sporting goods dealer, who shot some of the birds. Every morning he turns up in the coffee shop to inspect the quail bones, and sometimes he requires Lockhart to go back and gnaw a final shred or two of meat from one of them.

So far, Lockhart finds both his health and his appetite for quail as good as ever, though people warn him that everything goes beautifully until about the 18th day. This is the week for the first wan shadow of distaste to fall across the project, if one is going to, but Lockhart faces his future with confidence. "Oh, I'll make it all right," he says. (He is a vigorous, cheerful man of 40.) "I used to think of myself as the answer to sputnik—as the man who was going to put us ahead of Russia in one field, at least. But now that we have Explorer the responsibility doesn't weigh quite so heavily." After February 19 he plans to go back to his regular home-served breakfast of tomato juice, doughnut and coffee, which he has eaten nearly every day for 30 years.

Good Looking

It's not her figure skating that
Men find exhilarating.
No, what they're always looking at
Is just her figure, skating.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

SHE'LL CATCH SOMETHING: A COLD?

GET READY NOW, SHE MIGHT PITCH IT

IS IT A RHUBARB OR A RHUMBA?

NEWK'S CUTE, BUT THIS IS CUTER

MISS CHEESECAKE JOINS THE DODGERS

Wouldn't you know that as soon as it became definite that the Dodgers really would locate way out West, where horses are TV stars, men are press agents and a calf is something just below the knee of some pretty girl, a set of pictures like this would turn up in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's mail? We give them to you for what they're worth, pausing only to note that, without intending to, the press agent and his Hollywood-conditioned photographer scooped all the sports-writers in expressing with eloquence the essential difference between the Dodgers of Brooklyn and the Dodgers of Los Angeles.

Oh yes, we almost forgot to mention that the press agent's subtler motive was the sale of automobiles—something about Miss 1958 Dodge for the Dodgers and, er . . . oh, well.

Photographs by Gene Daniels

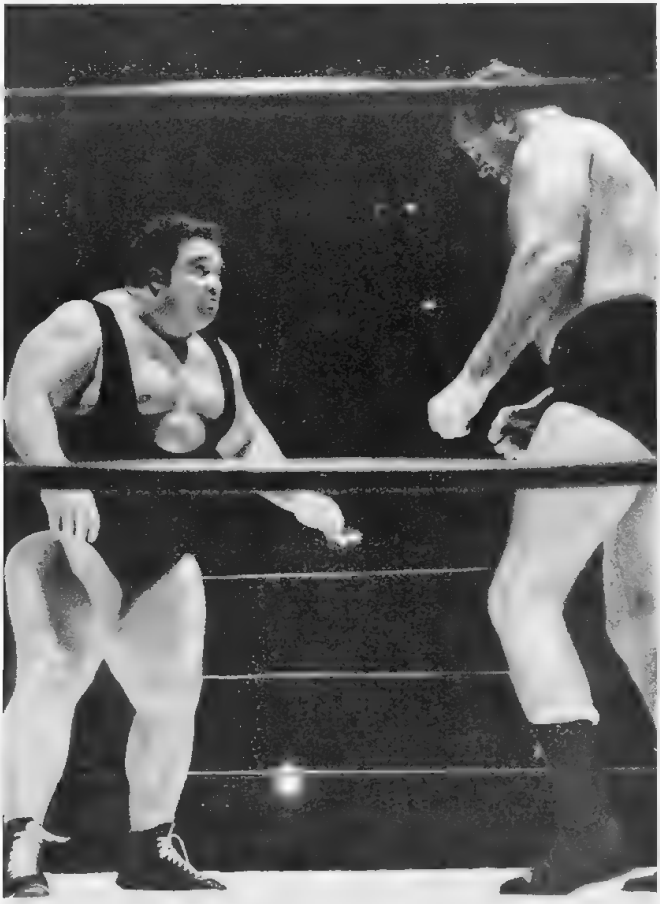
ALL RIGHT, MR. ALSTON, BUT WHAT DO I DO IF THE BALL COMES RIGHT AT ME?

ANYBODY SEE WHERE THE BALL WENT?

C'MON NOW, UMP, DON'T BE CROSS

Faces and Figures Were Familiar, but the Week Brought Changes

CHANGE OF DRESS: Looking exactly like a sporting parson in black-and-white turtle-neck sweater, golf's Old Soldier, Gene Sarazen, beams after winning $1,200 first prize money in the National PGA Seniors' Tournament at Dunedin, Fla. Sarazen showed his famous knickers to the rest of the field, sinking a final-round, 2-under-par 70 for a 72-hole total of 288.



CHANGE OF OCCUPATION: Hog-jowled Paul Anderson (*at left*), former weight lifter, moves in on Ben Sharpe in his pro wrestling debut at San Francisco. Cast as the good guy, the Georgia Strong Boy quietly suffered bites, gouges and insults from Villain Sharpe before winning as planned.

CHANGE OF LUCK: After trying for eight years, without success, to win the Doherty Women's amateur golf tournament at Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Mary Ann Downey of Baltimore finally lucked out, beat Marlene Stewart Streit of Font Hills, Ontario 1 up in 37 holes. Below: she applies body English on the 15th green but failed to make the tricky 25-foot putt anyway.

CHANGE OF SKIES: This curve on Desoris Lane in Glen Cove, N.Y. cast a dark cloud over the future playing career of Roy Campanella, veteran catcher for the Brooklyn Dodgers *see page 23* Ironically, a caution sign is prominently displayed only a few feet away from the utility pole which caused Catcher Campanella's automobile to flip over, breaking his neck.

CHANGE OF STYLE: Just visible behind the wrecked hood of his Maserati racing car, World Champion Juan Manuel Fangio pulls into the pit for emergency repairs. Fangio smacked into a fence at the start of the 1,000-kilometer race in Buenos Aires Jan. 26. It was a bad day all around for the Argentine speed merchant, who after 24 laps had to pull out for good.

CHANGE OF DECOR: Leningrad's Winter Stadium, until recently a rundown arena for ice hockey and other winter exhibitions, got an over-all remodeling as an athletic plant, reopened with a blaze of pyrotechnics and a shimmering display of lady gymnasts. The dedication ceremonies pointed up the nationwide physical fitness program carried on by the Soviet Union.

"WHEN YOU GOT YOUR MAN HURT, STOP," PATTERSON CAUTIONS HIS BOYS

GERONIMO BOBS UNDER PHILIP'S RIGHT CROSS. "ONLY

WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

The School of Hard Knocks: Mr. Patterson, Instructor

Photographs by Wil Blanche

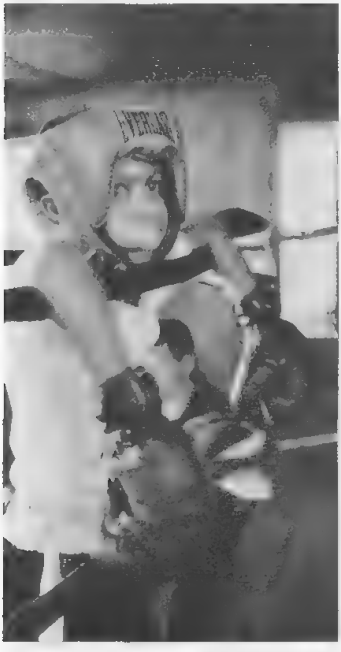
The Floyd Patterson Boxing Boys Club meets every day after school at Patterson's training camp in Greenwood Lake, N.Y. It has five members —one now on 30 days' suspension, as Floyd says, "for playing the harmonica while I was talking." The four in good standing are: President Russell (Satan) Pollero, 10; his twin, Raymond (Geronimo); Kevin (Something Wrong) Hennessy, 9; and Philip

GERONIMO POLLERO listens to instructions before sparring. Patterson bought the boys' equipment with money from training camp admissions.

SOMETHING WRONG HENNESSY mimics Floyd in mirror. "Watch me," says Floyd. "When you jab keep this hand here, don't turn front."

A QUARTER SECOND LEFT," SAYS FLOYD

Williams, 10. The nicknames are of Floyd's invention. The main purpose of the club is to learn to box. But Patterson, a troublemaker when *he* was a boy, sees it as something more. "*Since we started the club last year,* not only have their marks in school improved, but the kids have become more polite and mature. As for their boxing, if I had started at their age, you know I'd really be something."



POOPED PHILIP wants to be "atoms for peace" scientist when he grows up. "I want to invent new ways of heating houses, cooking foods," he says, "unless I go in the Golden Gloves and win a lot of medals. Then I might reconsider and become a professional fighter."

SHOWER-ROOM LECTURE concludes the afternoon's workout. After dressing, boys are treated to fruit juice in Floyd's room before he drives them home. The club showed its appreciation at Christmas by giving the champ what one boy called "a great big, fancy $20 clock."

A NEW INDIAN CHIEF SENDS UP SOME SMOKE SIGNALS

Fighting for a pennant in Havana, an unchastened Bobby Bragan also is making plans for his major league comeback as manager at Cleveland

by RICHARD W. JOHNSTON

ON a Friday night in early January Edmundo Isasi Amoros, a left fielder for the Almendares Blues, edged warily away from second base, his eyes darting from the second baseman to the pitcher to the shortstop and then down the base line to a dumpy figure in the third-base coaching box. In the dark, windy grandstand of the Gran Stadium de Habana the sellers of *chicharrones*, of Hatuey beer, of *cigarros* and hot, sweet Cuban coffee paused to watch as Pitcher Jose Miguel Fornieles of the Marianao Tigers began his delivery. Behind Fornieles the Marianao outfield had shifted to the right for the Almendares hitter, a left-hander.

The ball came in high and outside, and the batter, swinging a little late, slashed it over the third baseman's head. The Marianao left fielder, Saturnino Orestes Minoso, was off with the sound of the hit but he had a long run to recover the ball near the Gillette-Azul sign. Meanwhile, the third-base coach's left arm was cartwheeling, "*¡Vaya! ¡vaya! ¡vaya!*" and Edmundo Amoros was flying for home. Perhaps a dozen feet from the waiting catcher, Clyde McCullough, Amoros literally became airborne, his feet thrusting ahead of him in an exuberant, looping slide. At about the same moment the ball streaked in from the shadowed depths of the outfield. It hit the grass halfway between third and home and bounded into McCullough's mitt a little below waist level —a perfect strike, just right, but a 20th of a second too late.

The constant hum of the Cuban crowd, a noise like the buzz of 10,000 bees, lifted sharply and was punctuated by individual cries: "*¡Bravo, Sandee!*" for the slide; "*¡Terrífico, Minnee!*" for the throw; and, from a few throats, "*¡Arriba, Bo-beeee!*" for the third-base coach who had sent Amoros winging home. A few minutes later, when the rally ended, there were still shouts of "*¡Bo-beee! ¡Bo-beee!*" as the coach stumped in across the plate to the Almendares dugout. Bobby Bragan, manager of the Almendares Blues and the Cleveland Indians, late of Pittsburgh and a man sometimes described as Bad Boy Bragan, the Bumptious Busher, and even "Bobby Braggin'," did not acknowledge these salutes. Then, and for the duration of the game, he was all business—baseball business.

Actually, the run scored by Amoros was only one of several that helped Almendares defeat Marianao 5 1 and thus gain a half-game lead over the Tigers in the seesawing four-team Cuban winter league. However, for Bragan, the play exemplified the pleasures of a game that was rich both in immediate fulfillment and in the promise of future rewards. As a fierce competitor who came to Cuba not "for the $10,000 they're paying me but to get back in the swing of winning baseball," Bragan was delighted with Sandy Amoros' abandoned slide and the fact that it succeeded. As a man who must, even in January, have one eye turned a quarter of the way toward spring, he was almost equally pleased with Minnie Minoso's swift and accurate throw. On February 26 Minoso, along with the Almendares battery of Dick Brodowski and Russ Nixon, will report to Bragan's Cleveland training camp at Tucson.

For a U.S. manager (Bragan is the only one present) there is a kind of schizophrenia in Cuban baseball. Just as *hoy y mañana* are inextricably fused (or confused) in Latin life, so are today and tomorrow jumbled together in the winter league. The hitter who helps you in December may kill you in May; and the pitcher you may be tempted to overwork in January could be the difference in June. About 30 of the nearly 100 performers employed by the four teams are major league players; most of the rest are from Triple-A teams with major league affiliations.

Bragan was hired by Cleveland on September 29, just nine days before the start of the Cuban season on October 8, and two months after he was fired by Joe L. Brown, the general manager of Pittsburgh, as manager of the seventh-place Pirates. The fact that his new employer was Cleveland and not some other club was, as far as his winter employment was concerned, great good luck. It diminished, if it did not entirely eliminate, any conflict of loyalties. For one

LOOKING LIKE A TEXAS OILMAN WHO SEES A GUSHER IN THE SKY, BRAGAN PONDERS HIS PROSPECTS IN THE AMERICAN LEAGUE

thing, a half dozen Indian properties already were on the Almendares roster. For another, the Almendares general manager, Julio (Monchy) d'Arcos, is Cleveland's Cuba scout.

The dual relationship was subjected to some strain in November, after Frank Lane replaced Hank Greenberg as general manager at Cleveland. "Lane wanted me to quit Almendares and come right on up to Cleveland," Bragan said after the Friday night victory. "I just had to tell him I couldn't do that. These are real fans down here—*real* fans. I have to be mighty careful. They don't wanta see me doin' somethin' down here that *might* help later at Cleveland—not unless it helps Almendares *first*. They wanta win. So do I."

To win, or at least to have the chance to win, is of fundamental importance to Bragan, and the desire goes beyond the game of baseball to what is sometimes referred to cynically as The Game of Life. This means being accepted and liked on one's own terms. Bragan has made the terms pretty attractive to the Cubans. When he first came to Almendares, in the winter season of 1952-53, he was whistled (the Cuban equivalent of booed) as the only *norteamericano* manager in the Cuban League (the Havana Reds, the Marianao Tigers and the Cienfuegos Elephants all had and have Cuban managers). Bragan converted his Latin critics by leading Almendares to two championships, by learning to speak workable Spanish, by smoking black Cuban cigars and by behaving off field like a courtly but confident southern gentleman.

HOME RUN AT LUNCH

At noon of the day Brodowski pitched Almendares back into the lead, Bragan addressed a luncheon of the American Petroleum Club at the new Hotel Capri. Despite the tightness of the race, he was a relaxed and jaunty figure in a smartly cut blue sports jacket, gray flannel slacks, a starched, French-cuffed shirt and a conservative blue tie. Naturally enough, a lot of U.S. oilmen in Cuba are from Texas, and Bragan, who maintains a home in Fort Worth, was very much at ease with them. He told a number of Texas stories, all calculated to stroke the Texas ego ("Around Fort Worth I know a lot of oilmen. They don't have to wrap up any Christmas presents because most of their gifts are Cadillacs"); he introduced Mel Harder, the Cleveland pitching coach, who said he had come down to Havana to "look at a couple of pitchers who might help Cleveland out this year"; and he praised his new boss, Frank Lane, as having the same kind of daring that characterizes the venture-capital oil business. The next day the English-language *Havana Post* headlined its report of the talk: BOBBY BRAGAN HITS HOME RUN AT PETROLEUM CLUB LUNCHEON.

Sitting beside Bragan as he drove out to the stadium in the yellow Dodge convertible given him by Pittsburgh dealers a few days after the August firing, I found it hard to believe that this was the man Red Smith had described as "having the muffin-faced appearance of a Dead End Kid." The wan afternoon sun, peeking through blustery clouds, accented high, spare cheekbones in a

continued

face deep-tanned the color of a baseball mitt. It profiled an aquiline nose and touched the ridges of laugh wrinkles around the eyes and the mobile mouth. When he spoke, Bragan did not sound like a Bumptious Busher. The voice was high and husky, but softly southern, and the words floated in that carelessly ungrammatical stream that cultured Southerners have almost made a separate language, with unexpected emphasis and, often, a rising inflection at the end of a statement.

"This is a good place to play baseball—a *good* place," Bragan said. "Young ballplayer comes down here, he gets experience he needs, he keeps fit, he's ready. Old ballplayer can make some money and be in shape when spring trainin' starts. It's sort of a twilight zone, goin' up and comin' down." Bragan maneuvered the Dodge deftly to avoid two *señoritas* who had strolled out against the green light, rightly confident of their ability to stop or at least slow traffic. "Ain't no place for a joy ride, though," Bragan said, by no means irrelevantly. "Been a few big stars, and a few not so big, figured it was an easy buck, nothin' but dames and Daiquiris, not much effort needed. They shaped up or got run off the island."

In his office-dressing room at the stadium Bragan undressed slowly. By the time he put on his long-billed baseball cap, a transformation had taken place. The uniform pants emphasized his heavy hips and thighs, making him look short and bunchy. The cap's shadow obliterated the highlighted cheekbones and lively eyes and made noticeable the slight recessiveness of Bragan's jaw and its accompanying double chin. At the last minute he stubbed out his cigar (he smokes four to seven cigars a day, all made for him by J. Cuesta, who for 24 years has been purveyor to Winston Churchill) and took a package of Beechnut chewing tobacco out of his locker. "Got a lot of this when I was back in Colorado at the major league meetings in December," Bragan said. "Two, three fellows on the team chew durin' games." His face broke into a mischievous, urchin grin. "I'm one of 'em," he said. With the chaw firmly lodged in one cheek, Bragan had now achieved the muffin look.

Robert Randall Bragan was born Oct. 30, 1918, in Birmingham, the fourth of nine children of George Washington Bragan, a cement contractor, and the former Corrinne Roberts. Bragan's father had played semipro baseball in Cuthbert, Ga., but he does not recall that there was any parental inclination to bring up the Bragan Nine as a ball club (two were girls, anyway). It will not surprise certain umpires, however, to learn that young Robert first became acquainted with baseball as a truant —from a funeral.

"I never knew nothin' about baseball till I was 7 years old," Bragan said, stretching comfortably in an armchair in the combination living-dining room of the Bragan's furnished apartment at the seaside Chateau Miramar. Outside the wind was whistling and the still-angry Caribbean was pounding audibly against the sea wall. Like all Cuban apartment houses, the Miramar is unheated. But Bragan's pretty, plump brownette wife, Gwen, had created an effect of cosiness by lighting candles on the nearby sideboard.

"When I was 7," Bragan resumed, "my granddaddy died, up in Nashville. That was George Roberts, my mother's daddy—he *originated* the hamburger. Concession man with a circus. Well. The whole family went up to Nashville, and right near the funeral parlor I saw some kids playin' sandlot ball. When the funeral started, my daddy noticed I was missin'. When it was over, that's where they found me. Out there on the sandlot, playin' ball."

THAT COLD WATER

Gwen Bragan got up to refill the guests' glasses from a well-stocked living room bar. One Scotch, one bourbon, and a ginger ale for the host.

"Don't you ever take a drink, Bobby?" Mel Harder asked.

"Never do. Never have," Bragan said, his nearly-black eyes lighting impishly. "We never had it around the house, for one thing, but I *guess* the real reason was a fellah my oldah sister was goin' with for a while when I was just in my teens. Sometimes he'd be a little liquored up when he brought her home, and his idea of a *real* funny joke was to get a bucket and come in where all us kids was asleep. He'd pull back the covers—and we'd get that *cold* water! I figured anything'd make a man do that, I didn't want no part of."

Bobby played baseball all through grade and high school. In the latter he attracted some scouting attention —enough to get an offer from Panama City in the Class D Alabama-Florida League. Alternating at shortstop and third base, he played 117 games for Panama City in 1937. He batted .285, made 40 errors and was paid $85 a month. The following year he moved up to Pensacola in the Southeastern League and in the summer of 1939 played 137 games at third base, hitting .311, batting in 95 runs (12 homers) and making only 11 errors for a fielding average of .975.

Nonetheless, he came back to Birmingham that fall in a state of indecision. His Pensacola salary was only $125 a month, and he was not yet convinced that he was cut out for a baseball career. The Bragans were devout Methodists, and a good deal of his off-season social life centered around the church. Accordingly, after the 1939 season he enrolled at Birmingham Southern, a local Methodist college.

"It's been printed I teach Sunday school when I'm home in Fort Worth," Bragan said, biting the end off a cigar and pausing to light it with care and respect. "I lead a men's Bible class sometimes, too, and I took some religious studies when I went to Birmingham Southern. I guess that's how some folks got the notion I studied for the ministry. I never got no clear call to preach, though. I was like a fellah they told about had a vision —he saw the letters G. P. real big up in the sky, and he decided they meant 'Go preach.' Well, he went to school two-three years before he found out they meant 'Go plow.' I got the word a little earlier."

In his first days as a student Bragan got another, much clearer, call. "I started goin' to those Boys Club dances," he said. "You know, the church sponsors 'em in Birmingham. That's where I met Gwen."

"He was *much* older than I was," Gwen beamed. "But I kinda liked him."

"I had matrimonial intentions from the very first night," Bobby said.

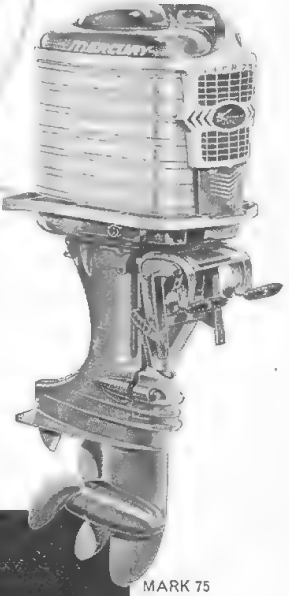
The Bragans smiled at each other across the coffee table. Gwen is fair, with a rounded face that is accented by a tightly pulled-back hairdo, and Bobby is dark as an Indian (Apache, not Cleveland) and rather resembles one. Yet at this moment, and despite the obvious disparities, they also seemed to resemble each other, as happily married people sometimes do or are imagined to do.

Bragan's decision to resume plowing a baseball furrow was made for

continued on page 56

Not once..but *twice*

"around the world" *in 68 days!*



MERCURY OUTBOARDS SET NEW WORLD ENDURANCE RECORD!

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MARK 75
60 h.p.
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It was farther than any marine power plant of any type had ever gone in history in this short a time.

Carl Kiekhaefer, president of Kiekhaefer Corporation, says this endurance test was made for one purpose: "To prove Mercury safe and dependable for long distance family cruising. We never ask the public to experiment when they buy a Mercury. Nor do we make claims of performance and dependability for any model or new engineering feature without facts to back them up — facts gained through thousands of test hours."

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OFFICIAL RECORD STATISTICS

Total distance traveled: 50,006.572 miles • Total elapsed time: 1650 hrs. 51 min. 3 sec. (average both boats) • Average speed: 30.2916 miles per hour • Average fuel consumption: 3.916 gallons per hour and 7.707 miles per gallon • Fuel used: Amoco gas and Kiekhaefer 1958 Quicksilver engine oil • Accessories used Quicksilver propellers, batteries and Ride-Guide steering.

AC spark plugs and SKF bearings were vital components in this performance. There were no lubrication or full-jeweled bearing failures or excessive carbon deposits. Distributor points were not serviced for up to 17,000 miles and plugs were satisfactory for at least 7500 miles without regapping. Servicing of the motors was under complete surveillance of USAC officials as was timing of each lap to one fifth of a second and inspection to verify that the motors were stock models.

Mercury has built more fours and sixes than all other outboard manufacturers combined! Only Mercury has "round-the-world" dependability!

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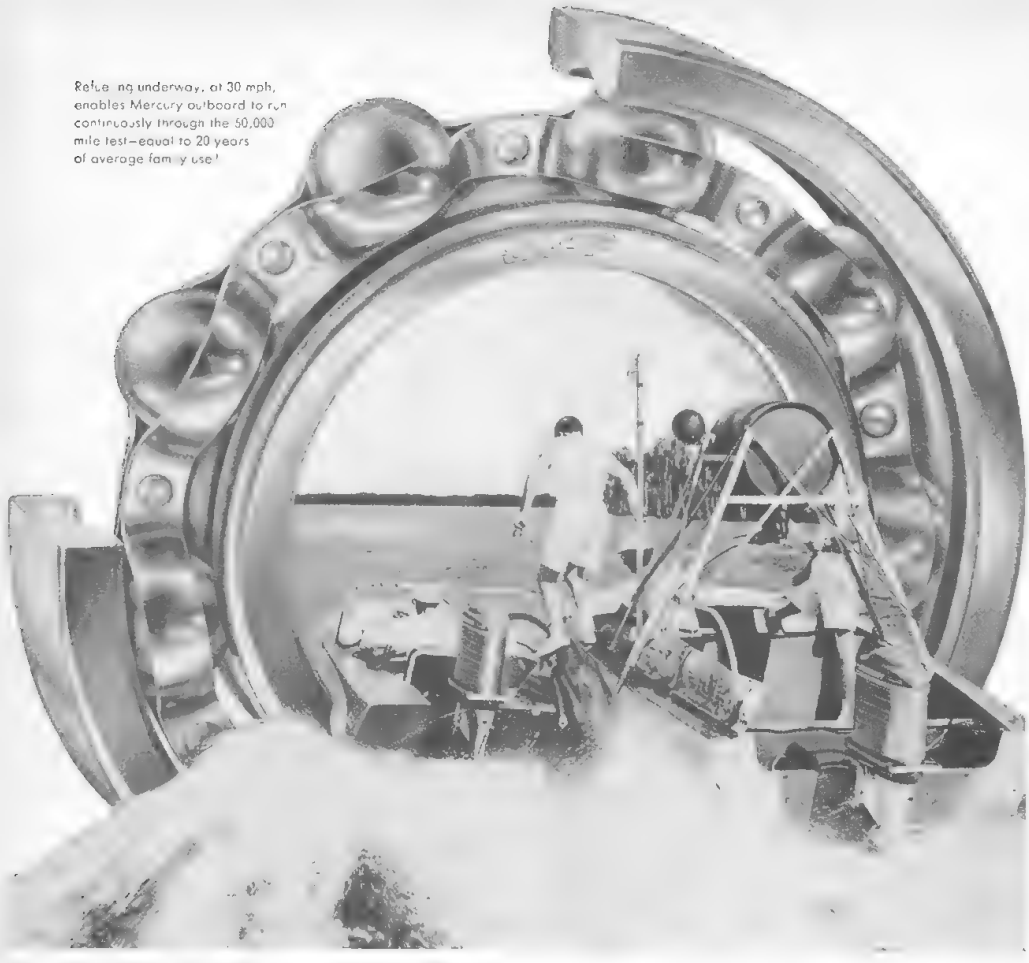

SKF-equipped Mercurys

cruise to a new endurance mark...50,000 miles!

After 68 grueling days of cruising through tropical storms, 5-ft. waves, fog, two Mercury Mark 75E outboards recently demonstrated their ruggedness in teardown inspections. Both engines showed only minimum signs of wear!

A major reason why both *"full-jewelled"* outboards performed so dependably is because they're equipped with anti-friction ball and roller bearings throughout. The outer main bearings, propeller shaft thrust bearing, distributor shaft and adapter shaft bearings are *all SKF bearings*. Each main bearing completed 450-million revolutions, each propeller shaft bearing 274 million!

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AROUND THE WORLD IN 34 DAYS!

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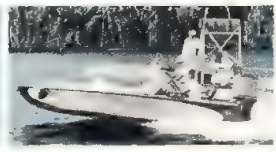

World record outboard run . . . sparked by AC Marine Spark Plugs!

Running continuously for 34 days and 34 nights—through fair weather and foul—refueling and changing drivers on the fly—two outboards circle a Florida test course at a 724 mile per day clip for the amazing total of 25,003 miles! This, the longest, most grueling test ever run on an outboard motor and its components, represents more than eight years of family boating use!

Total elapsed time—827 hours 47 minutes—54 seconds Distance covered—25,003 286 miles. Average speed—30.2 miles per hour. Official observers and timers—United States Auto Club Two boats started this run—both finished the run.

Get the extra power and reliability of new AC Hot Tip Spark Plugs—proved again in this unique run

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Again, because of their outstanding performance in the original marine marathon, AC Spark Plugs were used in the second successful assault! This total 50,000 miles of test represents more than *sixteen* years of family boating use!

ACs are marine-engineered for outboard and inboard motors. They're rustproofed to eliminate corrosion. And the exclusive AC "Hot Tip" heats up fast to burn away fouling carbon and oil deposits as soon as they can form . . . gives you fast starting, smoother performance and greater economy.

To get the most from your marine motor, install new AC Hot Tip Spark Plugs, TODAY!

Wilt Chamberlain—

ALL PREGAME planning centered on the mighty Chamberlain, who here graphically demonstrates favorite roll-in shot off his fingertips.

? SHOULD KANSAS STATE PLAY HIM MAN-FOR-MAN

? CAN STATE AFFORD TO PUT TWO MEN ON HIM

? SHOULD KANSAS PLAY TO HIM EXCLUSIVELY

? CAN HE CONTROL STATE'S THREE BIG MEN

? CAN STATE LURE HIM AWAY FROM THE BASKET

These were questions that haunted the rival coaches and partisan fans as Kansas and Kansas State fought for top national ranking in the Lawrence field house

THE GAME had been sold out since December 1. There were 17,500 in the stands and countless other thousands had to be content with the television and radio accounts which blanketed the state of Kansas. The phenomenon was easy to understand. As soon as the season had started, it had been apparent that the University of Kansas and Kansas State College had two of the very best basketball teams in the country and that the conference title and quite possibly the national title would be at stake when they met. It is a rare thing for two such excellent teams to come from schools only 80-odd miles apart, and proud Kansans were well aware of the fact.

They were aware, too, that K-State Coach Tex Winter had a considerable number of problems to wrestle with as game time approached—all of which revolved around the person of Wilt Chamberlain, Kansas' 7-foot center. In the two years Chamberlain has bestrode the collegiate basketball scene, every rival coach has worried himself gray trying to decide how to defend his basket against Wilt's close-in shooting and dunking, and how to run an offense past Wilt's umbrella-like defense. But what few have ever appreciated is the fact that Kansas Coach Dick Harp has had his own problems.

For two years now, Harp has approached every single game with almost nothing to gain and everything to lose. If Kansas won, neither Harp nor the other members of the team would be credited with much more than a friendly assist; if Kansas lost, Harp knew he'd be berated for not using Chamberlain properly, and the rest of the team would be censured for not feeding the ball properly or sufficiently to Wilt so that he could put it away. In addition to this normal—but wholly inaccurate—second-guessing, Harp has also borne the weight of much local and statewide opinion to the effect that his predecessor and former boss, Phog Allen, would be doing a better job with Chamberlain. In his 39 years as head coach, Allen

did indeed bring much prestige to Kansas basketball. He was also chiefly responsible for recruiting Chamberlain. But it is simple fact that for a long time before Allen was forced to retire because of age, in 1956, Harp, as his assistant, was doing most of the coaching. A sensitive, loyal man, Harp has endured with dignity both the second-guessing and the abuse of Allen partisans, being more concerned with the effect on his players than on himself. He has nursed and cajoled Wilt's fellow players away from any feelings of inferiority that would wreck an essential team effort, and he has devoted many hours to helping Chamberlain overcome the psychological problems which beset this moody young man because of his spectacular size. For his part, Chamberlain has taken every Kansas defeat—especially last year's one-point loss to North Carolina in the NCAA final round—as a direct reflection upon him personally. He simply did not expect Kansas to lose any game in which he appeared, and this season he is determined they will not. His play has improved considerably, though he is still nowhere near as effective on the offensive backboards as he is on defense, and his outside shooting remains subpar. Here is one answer to the second-guessing of Harp. Many fans have wondered why, when the opposing team puts two men on Wilt, Harp does not urge his other players to do more outside shooting. The facts are that this year he does not have any good outside shooters and that Chamberlain will not control the offensive boards if the shots are missed.

Harp came up to the State game fully prepared to play to his strength —namely, Chamberlain—almost exclusively, which was the only sensible course he could take.

Up the Kaw River at K-State, Tex Winter had thought through his own strategy by much the same logical route but had reached a surprising conclusion. Winter agreed that this year's Kansas team was considerably weaker, in personnel other than Wilt, than last year's. For that very reason, he felt it was a more effective group. "Kansas," he said, "has almost no choice but to play to Wilt this year and that's the way they've been trained. The result is they're very, very good at it—much better than last year's bunch, who were better ballplayers individually and therefore did many other things than just feed the big fellow."

Did it follow that K-State would put two men on Wilt? Surprisingly, no. Winter has always believed that his team should play its own style for every game, the style best suited to its personnel, and not try to concoct a special defense to contain a particular player. "In the first place," he said last week, "if we dream up a tricky plan against Wilt, we wouldn't have enough time to practice it. Then, if it doesn't work, we're licked psychologically; we have nothing else to fall back on. I still insist we're much better off to play this Chamberlain straightaway, man-for-man, concede him 30 points but make him work for them. Don't give him the easy ones, try to box him out under the boards. On offense, we'll try to get Kansas to play us the same way. They'll start by zoning us, but we'll try to force them into a man-for-man situation."

What this boils down to in actual play is that Winter planned to put his center, 6-foot-9 Jack Parr, on Chamberlain with normal help from his K-State teammates. In the unlikely event that Kansas was slow bringing the ball upcourt K-State would try a simple zone. The flaw here was that Parr, otherwise a fine defensive man, has a tendency to pick up fouls on small, foolish errors, and fouling out against Wilt has become an occupational hazard for rival players. When K-State was on offense, Winter hoped to force Kansas to put Chamberlain, in turn, on Parr. He'd do this by having Parr shoot from outside, near the top of the key, a good spot for him, and hope Wilt would come out after him. The advantage Winter would gain is that his two other big men—Bob Boozer and Wally Frank, both 6 feet 8 inches—would far outsize their Kansas guards. If, instead, Wilt kept to his usual defensive spot, covering a zone around the basket, he'd be able to block many of the close-in shots of all three big K-Staters and control the backboards.

Winter also had his second-guessers ready to pounce and, admittedly, for a good reason. K-State had already played Chamberlain straightaway —and lost. This happened twice last season and once this season in the Big Eight tournament. So, as Winter himself put it before the game: "If we lose again, our people will probably say they don't mind the loss so much but why didn't we try something different this time?"

KANSAS' Dick Harp. His one really big man couldn't beat three not-so-big men.

K-STATE'S Tex Winter: He gambled again on straight basketball and this time won.

As it turned out, Winter's plan worked out well—almost too well. When K-State was on offense, it did force Kansas to play them man-for-man, but the Kansas man-for-man defense was much better than its zone. Kansas tried the zone early in the game and K-State took an 11-point lead against it. On defense, Parr, with the normal anticipated help from Boozer, held Chamberlain to 25 points. And Boozer, shooting spectacularly, was high man with 32, though he had very few easy shots. K-State won in double overtime, 79–75, a truly memorable game. In the two overtime periods the lead seesawed between the teams until the last two minutes.

Tex Winter did not have to worry about his second-guessers. The most rabid State fans could hardly have asked for a better effort, and Winter could not have expected better execution of his plans. But Dick Harp was undoubtedly in for a rough time from the Allen supporters. He does not deserve it. Kansas was beaten by a better team, one which may well be the best in the nation. **END**

TRACK / *Tex Maule*

Dave's New Start

Duke's Dave Sime may be the fastest living human being; a fresh technique could help him prove it this track season

THE DESULTORY basketball game stopped momentarily and the players waited. At the far end of the court a tall, wide-shouldered young man placed his feet carefully in his starting blocks, coiled back on his legs tensely; next to him, looking compact and small by comparison, another sprinter settled himself as the starter raised his gun. The basketball players jumped at the oddly loud blast of the pistol in the empty gym and the two sprinters exploded out of the blocks, the shorter one briefly ahead by a foot or two, then quickly dropping back as the runners, shoes squeaking on the polished court surface, fled down court and out through open double doors to brake themselves against a corridor wall in a hall outside the gym proper.

It was a quiet afternoon at Duke University gymnasium last week. Dr. Bob Chambers, the track coach, looked briefly at his stop watch as Dave Sime, wide grin splitting his face, ran back through the doors into the gym.

"I got it now, coach," he said exuberantly. "I got it. I watched Elder to see what he was doing that I wasn't and I got it."

Sime crouched in a starting position while Chambers watched.

"Look," he said, "I was doing like this." He raised his rump, his legs straightening and his weight moving forward onto his hands. "I couldn't get any pressure on my legs. Then I noticed Elder gets down like this." He dropped his rear slightly and shifted his weight back, so that his legs were bent more and carried some of the weight of his body.

Chambers watched noncommitally. "That was 5.2," he said drily. The indoor world record for the 50-yard dash is 5.1 seconds; Sime, running on a slick basketball floor with unspiked shoes, had been only a tenth of a second off.

Sime tried a half dozen more starts, getting off the blocks explosively each time. Chambers finally had to make the enthusiastic youngster quit, and Sime was bouncing happily as he left to dress.

Most track fans will agree that Dave Sime, when he reaches top speed, is the fastest human being in the world. Only Bobby Morrow, Texas' great Olympic champion, can contest this claim; in the two times Morrow and Sime have met, Sime has won at 100 yards and Morrow at 100 meters. Sime beat Morrow in 9.4 on a wet track at the Drake Relays in 1956; later in that Olympic year, Morrow beat Sime in the NCAA 100-meter finals at Berkeley, Calif., but Sime was already feeling the twinges of a pulled thigh muscle which later cost him his chance to make the U.S. Olympic team. The muscle was injured first in Sime's world record 20-flat 220 at Sanger, Calif.; then, in the finals of the NCAA 200-meter dash, the muscle was badly injured and Sime was unable to finish the 100-meter dash in the Olympic trials two weeks later.

"I just didn't have enough experience to know what had happened," Sime said the other day. He was sitting in the cafeteria at the Duke student union, eating a midmorning snack of a sweet roll, two glasses of orange juice and a cup of coffee. "The leg bothered me after that 20-flat 220. I pushed all the way in that race and I was a little off balance at the start and I felt a little pull. Then, when I worked out, I'd feel the muscle hurt on starts, but I thought I could work it out. It hurt on the start in the 100 against Morrow, but it felt all right after I was running. Then, when I pulled it in the 200 meters at Berkeley, it hurt at the start again, but when we went into the turn, I felt like I was moving up on Morrow, and then the muscle went. It was just like someone had lassoed my left leg and pulled me back."

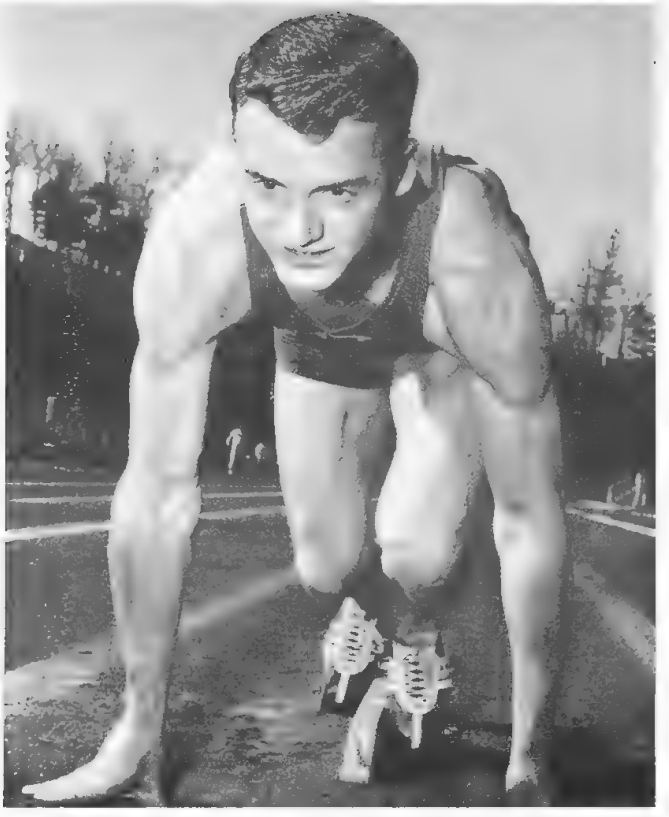
Sime is an impatient, ebullient young man. He has matured a good deal in the two years since he missed the Olympic squad, but then he was much too impatient to allow the leg time to heal. He pulled the muscle again trying to qualify in the Olympic trials in which he was allowed to participate by special dispensation.

"I couldn't even jog on the leg during the two weeks between the time I hurt my leg in Berkeley and the trials," he said. "I just kidded myself, I guess. I wrapped the leg real tight for the 100 meters, but the first step I took out of the blocks in Los Angeles, it felt like someone had stuck a knife in my leg."

SIME rested a month after the Olympic trials. Then he had an opportunity to tour Europe with an American track team made up of nonmembers of the U.S. Olympic squad, and he took it, although the leg still bothered him.

"It got well enough for me to run the 100," he said. "But I wasn't really nearly ready for competition. And I pulled the muscle again in London."

The impatient youngster then, finally, gave the leg time to heal. His left thigh shrank during the three months he laid off—from September



ADDED POWER IN ARMS AND SHOULDERS SHOWS AS SIME COILS IN STARTING BLOCKS

through November of 1956—and he took a special course of exercises with weights to build it up again. By December of 1956 he was ready to test it.

"I had to build up his confidence for that race," Chambers, his coach, said. "He was running the 100 meters at the Sugar Bowl track meet in New Orleans and I told him that all we wanted to do was get a race under his belt and not to worry about the time."

Sime ran a 10.2 100 meters, only a tenth of a second off the world record. "I guess that was the turning point coming back," he said. "It proved my leg was all right again." Sime's trials were not over, however. A case of flu interrupted his indoor season; when he recovered from that, he made a trip to Burma for the State Department, ran another 10.2 100 meters in Rangoon, and returned with a case of dysentery which kept him off the track for a week. He won ACC and IC4A sprint championships, took off to play baseball, and came back at the tail end of the baseball season to run a 9.3 100 in the Carolina AAU meet at Raleigh.

As the summer of 1957 began, Sime still cherished visions of a baseball career. He signed to play semipro baseball in South Dakota in a league cleared by the NCAA, but two hours before he was to play his first game, he learned that the AAU would not sanction his playing and he came back to Durham.

"I was stuck with nothing to do last summer," he said. "The AAU meet was coming up and I worked out two days and ran in that and lost to Leamon King by a foot in the 100. Then I got a chance to tour Europe, so I ran in France, Switzerland and England."

Sime ran 28 races and won all of them. "I was running the curve a lot, too," he said. "It didn't bother my leg at all."

WHEN Sime returned to Duke in the fall of 1957, he decided to give up baseball. "I didn't give it up for track," he said. "I just didn't think I could play baseball and get my medical degree, and I think it is more important to be a doctor than to be a major league baseball player."

With baseball out of the way, Sime has devoted full time to track. During the fall, he worked indefatigably. "One day I ran 30 100s," he said. "I'd run a 100 at good speed, then taper off for 50 yards and walk back, then run another 100. That built up the power in my legs. And I'd run up the stadium steps four or five times to get more drive."

Sime also lifted weights in order to strengthen his arms and shoulders. "If you're strong on top, it helps," he explained. "You can let your arms go free without thinking about using them and they will aid you. I think I'm faster now than I have ever been."

He sipped at his coffee.

"Yes, my speed itself is much better than it has ever been," he said. "My starts have always been terrible, but maybe I've got that licked now. I experiment a lot with starts, but I think I got it now. I don't want to get bogged down too much indoors. It may hurt my legs. Running on boards is like playing tennis on asphalt compared to playing on grass. I'm going outside in March and I won't be back on the boards until next year."

He finished his sweet roll, and grinned.

"Lots of runners wouldn't eat a sweet roll," he said. "They get real picayunish about their diet and the things they do. They won't play golf or tennis. I figure that hurts them psychologically. If you eat good food, I guess it doesn't make much difference what it is."

He put his empty plates on a tray and stood up.

"I was coming up straight too fast on the start," he said, thoughtfully. "I'd pop straight up and my body angle would be wrong. Then a guy like Ira Murchison is ahead of you and you start to lean and you're off balance and you can't run. I run pretty straight up so I can get my legs up higher and if I lean, I lose speed. Ira beat me at the start in the 100 at Washington last week and I started to lean and I said to myself, 'He's gonna throw you off balance, Dave,' and I straightened up and got even with him and I knew I could take him. And if this start is right now, I won't be giving away so much and I won't have any tendency to lean."

He walked off with the tray, straight up, with no lean. **END**

On and Off the Fairways

The second of these monthly reports focuses on the new sensation—J. C. Goosie

That man named Goosie who has been grabbing so many of professional golf's headlines lately (SI, Feb. 3) is variously described as "the poor man's Jimmy Demaret" and "the Billy Joe Patton of the pros." One bad hole (the 70th) cost him the winner's prize at Caliente three weeks ago, but his buoyant temperament seems to thrive on misfortune. After Caliente was over Goosie bounced into the pressroom, waving a glass of beer and assuring one and all, "I'll get 'em next week." As good as his word, he went out and within the next 10 days won the new pro-am at El Dorado, the 36-hole medal play event for non-names at El Centro and shot a solid 280 at Thunderbird, to collect in all, $1,285.

J. C. (stands for J. C.) Goosie was born May 1, 1929 in Knoxville, Tenn. A rugged 5 foot 10 and 175 pounds, he has brown hair, square, handsome features and a twinkling confidence and lingo that even the established pros find delightful and a 4-year-old son, named, of course, J. C. Jr. When he entered the Air Force in 1948 he'd played only one round of golf (a 96), but at Lackland AFB in San Antonio he exhibited such natural talent that he was shooting par golf within two years. After leaving the Air Force, J. C. played two years as an amateur before taking a $6,000-a-year pro job at a nine-hole course in Niota, Tenn. When he joined the tour last August for the St. Paul Open (in which he failed to qualify for the final 36 holes) Goosie brought to the golfing caravan a swing that has a fine tempo and unusual power. He would have joined sooner, J. C. explains with his amazing candor, but for a drinking problem. "No one liked the stuff better than Ah did," he smiles. "But Ah quit. No one wants to back you on the tour if you drink."

J. C. is a very long hitter indeed—so long, in fact, that he outdrove George Bayer on a few holes at Caliente. On his irons, he addresses the ball with a slightly open club face and then takes the club back just a bit outside the intended line of flight. In other respects, Goosie's swing needs perhaps some adjustment and some polishing, but the basic stuff is really all there.

TTT: an explanation of the new tour setup

TTT—to explain the PGA tour program which everyone has heard of but few understand—is the abbreviation for the PGA's new Top Ten Tournament players plan. Tournament Manager Ed Carter started it last year primarily as a means of guaranteeing more competitive appearances. In outline, it works like this:

A golfer who wins any of the TTT-member tournaments is credited with 65 points, the runner-up with 44, third place with 43 and so on down to one point for 45th. In addition, penalty points are assessed for failure to defend a championship, unjustified withdrawal in the middle of an event or bad conduct on the course. Each tournament sponsor supports this program by donating $2,000 a year to a TTT fund, which is split up the following year among the 10 players who amassed the highest point scores the previous season. Doug Ford, who fought a hard and successful campaign in 1957, finished with a winning total of 1,255.5 points. This year he collects a $400 bonus at any TTT tournament in which he competes. Dow Finsterwald, who was second in the TTTabulation, gets $240 for each TTT tournament he competes in this year. Next in line are Art Wall ($220), Arnold Palmer ($200), Billy Casper ($180), Marty Furgol ($160), Paul Harney ($120), Jay Hebert ($120), Mike Souchak ($80) and Al Balding ($80).

DOUG FORD WAS 1957'S TTT LEADER

The kicker in this scheme (and what makes its cost worthwhile to its sponsors) is that a player must compete in at least 80% of the PGA Co-sponsored and Approved events even to be eligible for a TTT rating. Some experienced pros are grumbling that the plan rewards attendance rather than ability and takes the fun and freedom out of the game. Well, this year we shall see more clearly.

The top fifteen money winners to date

BILL CASPER JR.	$9,158	DOW FINSTERWALD	$5,206	ART WALL JR.	$3,615
KEN VENTURI	8,361	BO WININGER	4,695	WALTER BURKEMO	3,341
FRANK STRANAHAN	7,933	PAUL HARNEY	4,164	DAVE MARR	2,902
E. J. HARRISON	6,192	AL BALDING	3,732	FRED HAWKINS	2,821
JAY HEBERT	5,840	TOMMY BOLT	3,637	ARNOLD PALMER	2,815

Tip from the Top

from **MARLENE BAUER HAGGE,** *Delray Beach, Fla.*

The Short Lofted Pitch

CONTRARY to the popular notion, most of the pros don't use much wrist cock in playing their short pitches. For myself, though, I find I hit the ball sharpest and control it best if I use lots of wrist and hand action on this type of shot, with the hands completely uncocked at impact. I play the ball two inches forward of the right heel. This requires "early timing," and a golfer probably is best off to start by playing this shot off the middle and then to move the ball back when his (or her) timing develops. My reason for advocating this method is this: the lowest part of the swing occurs at the center of the stance; in order to hit the ball first, the turf after, you have to place the ball back.

In lining up the short pitch, I lay the blade open, very slightly. I stand with my left shoulder held high, so that it is free to do its work. I also have the feeling that my left elbow is high at address. I start the club back with my left shoulder and arm, and halfway through the backswing I begin cocking my wrists. On this shot I allow for a little roll. For example, on a 40-yard pitch I try to gauge the shot so that the ball will land about 12 feet short of the hole.

NEXT WEEK: *Bobby Cruickshank on avoiding the death grip*

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HUNTING / *Ed Zern*

'Sí, Señor—Mucho Ducks'

In Yucatan, far south of the border, the wildfowler finds the game is thriving and the game laws are almost extinct

A YUCATAN HUNTER, like the one with a pet monkey shown above, will prove to be a skilled and companionable guide, though casual about the sport since an abundance of ducks is certain any day.

Illustrations by Milton Glaser

When Ed Zern got back from Yucatán last March, where he'd gone duck shooting, we asked him for a report. It read as follows:

Flew from New York to Havana, where camera was stolen. Flew from Havana to Mérida in Yucatán, where Mexican army confiscated my shotguns. Showed Mexican army officer my permit for shotguns issued by Mexican consul in New York. Officer studied permit carefully, locked shotguns in barred room and went away. While arranging with lawyer to get guns out of hock, learned that duck camp operator had broken up camp, dismissed Indian guides and sold decoys. After recovering guns, rode around northern Yucatán one full day with camp operator rounding up Indians and decoys. Went shooting next morning at 5:30 a.m., quit at 7:30 a.m. Too many ducks. Went to Uxmal and Kabah, ancient Mayan cities, and climbed around ruins. Went to a fiesta in Campeche, drank tequila to show Pan-American solidarity. Went to Champotón and up Champotón River in leaky launch. Drove fast back to Mérida to catch 4:35 airplane to Havana and New York. Arrived at airport at 3 p.m., found 4:35 airplane had left at 11 a.m. Was told not to worry, another left in two days. After speaking sharply to airline man, was told might get airplane next day to New Orleans. "This would entitle you to $16 refund," said airline man. "Good," I said. Before plane left next day airline man said he'd made a mistake—it was $1.60 not $16. "We'll send it to you," he said. Early in April got a letter from airline. "Enclosed find check for $1.60," it said. No check enclosed.

This seemed skimpy, and we asked him to elaborate a bit. For the edification of duck shooters, conservationists and other gringos we present this report on a paradise for wildfowl and wildfowlers.

—THE EDITORS

SIX HUNDRED MILES due south of Louisiana on the Mexican coast, the Yucatán peninsula stretches out into the Gulf of Mexico. It is a low, flat land, studded with the ruins of Mayan temple cities that were built a thousand years ago and abandoned to the jungle. Yucatán is inhabited now by descendants of the Indian temple builders and by white and mestizo Mexicans. Culturally it is almost an independent state, and even today there is no decent road and only one narrow-gauge railroad connecting Yucatán with the rest of Mexico.

The Mayan Indians, when found in their own villages, are poor, cheerful, intelligent, self-respecting and honest. The nourishment they scratch out of their state's thin limestone soil is so low in protein that a North American could scarcely survive on it.

Capping the northern tip of Yucatán is a 300-mile stretch of lagoons along the Río Lagartos (Alligator River). These mangrove-choked, brackish waters, from which almost all of the alligators have been killed off, are the winter home of millions of ducks that come down the flyways from the U.S., Canada and Alaska.

The rich forage plants in the shallows of the lagoons attract pintail, teal (mostly bluewing), widgeon, lesser scaup, gadwall, shoveler and an occasional redhead and mallard. The first ducks, generally teal, arrive at the end of August; by the first of April they have all gone back north. Between November 15 and March 15 the ducks are so abundant that the shooting is almost invariably excellent and sometimes fabulously so.

I had heard about Yucatán's wildfowling from an acquaintance, whose

YUCATAN GUIDES POLE THEIR BOAT THROUGH THE LAGOON TO FLUSH THE FEEDING DUCKS

recommendation was almost hysterical; accordingly I jumped at a chance to try it last year. The Mexican consulate in New York City gave me a permit to take in two shotguns (a Browning 12-gauge over-and-under, choked full and modified, and a Winchester 21 bored fairly open for quail) and 500 rounds of ammunition (which is difficult and expensive to buy there, except for reloads of doubtful reliability). The consulate failed to tell me that a permit from the Mexican army might be required so the firearms could be taken directly through customs in Mérida. (The hunter who follows me should inquire about this military permit. It costs about $8 U.S.)

Thus when we arrived at Mérida Airport I discovered that 1) a Contax camera had been taken from a duffel bag somewhere between my hotel in Havana and the Mérida customs office, 2) the army refused despite the consular permit to let my shotguns go through, although they admitted the ammunition, and 3) my letter to the camp operator had gone astray and he had closed down for the season —dismissed the Indians who worked for him and even sold his decoys to a local sportsman. It took two days to get the shotguns released and then, while my wife went off to visit the ruins at Chichén Itzá, I went by hired car 22 miles due north to the state's leading seaport, Progreso, then a few miles east along the coast to the tiny but pleasant seaside resort, Bahia Bonita. There I was met by Shaun Viguerie of Metairie, Louisiana, a young but competent sportsman who had just finished his first season as a hunting camp operator. With his assistant, Ted Joanen, we piled into a truck and drove through the coastal jungle to an Indian village where we picked up three native hunters.

On the way, Shaun explained something about the hunting. The three Indians were market hunters; they kept a careful check on the movements of ducks along the lagoon, but when Viguerie engaged them they refrained from gunning in the area to be hunted so as not to drive the flocks away. Instead they helped plan the best location for the blinds; then, when the hunters were posted, two of the Indians and their canoes were trucked to points about a mile on either side of the blinds. At daybreak they would start slowly poling their canoes between the myriad islands of the lagoon toward the gunners, pushing the ducks ahead of them in short flights. Without this stirring-up there would be no shooting, since with the abundance of food and the mildness of weather there would be no reason for ducks to fly. The third Indian would act as a retriever.

The Indians, Jose, Vidal and Humberto, turned out to be enthusiastic hunters who spoke no more English than I spoke Spanish or their native language, Mayan. They obviously liked Viguerie, probably because he was a hunter like themselves and was trying to learn their difficult language, which is full of strange hissing, spitting sounds. (In the blinds they speak a sort of "duck English" consisting mainly of "*wee-jun!*" "*peen-tail!*" and "*er zey kom!*"

As any conservation-minded duck hunter would be, I was shocked to find market hunting widespread all along the Yucatán coast. Usually hunters work in teams, shoving a grass-camouflaged bateau up close to

continued

a feeding flock, then firing into it with old, overloaded guns. They reload their own brass cartridges. If a visiting sportsman gives them a few factory-loaded shells, they supplement the factory loads by pouring an extra ounce or two of shot down the barrel on top of the shell and wadding it with a banana leaf. In a good day two skilled hunters may kill several hundred ducks, for which they get from 2¢ to 8¢ (U.S.) apiece, drawn and plucked. (On a bad day they may kill none, which gives the operation a sporting flavor.)

Considering the amazing concentration of ducks in the area and the poverty of the Indians, it would be quixotic to expect observance of arbitrary bag limits that don't make much sense to an Indian. To the Indians, who see vast flocks concentrated in the area, it's obvious that the few thousands they kill for market can't affect the population. It's useless to explain that those are the ducks of a whole continent and that when they leave they'll spread out over more than a million square miles; the Indians don't know much about continents and their arithmetic stops well short of a million. What they do know is that for eight months of the year they get almost no animal protein or fat in their diets; and that suddenly a benign if whimsical providence sends millions of pounds of fat meat to them, neatly packaged in feathers and needing only to be shot, drawn, plucked and popped into the pot.

One Yucatán hunter may tell you the hunting limit is 50 ducks a day, and the next one may say the limit is 100 a day. Actually Mexico has a republic-wide limit of 15 ducks a day from November 15 to March 15, but the game laws are little known. For lack of a warden in Yucatán, enforcement is up to the local police, so to all intents and purposes there *is* no limit, except that set by the conscience of the gunner. Since it's no trick for a fair wing shot to kill 150 ducks a day if he is so inclined, there's a lot of leeway for conscience. If the gunner considers that he is tying up two or more market hunters as guides, who otherwise might kill 50 to 100 apiece, he can shoot a hundred ducks and still tell himself he's conserving wildfowl.

At 4 o'clock the next morning Viguerie, Joanen and I had breakfast, then picked up our three Indians and drove back through Progreso and another five miles to westward of the port. By 5:30 I was sitting in an improvised blind that Shaun and Jose had hacked with machetes out of a mangrove island. In front of the blind rode a dozen nondescript decoys that Shaun had found discarded around the camp, including three or four made by rough-shaping a coconut husk with a machete and painting it black. By 7:30 I had killed my limit, shooting only pintail and widgeon.

RUINS LIE ON HUNTER'S ROUTE AT UXMAL AND KABAH

Driving back to Bahia Bonita, Viguerie told me that early in the season pintail are the dominant species but that most of these handsome birds apparently keep on going to Central and South America; that mosquitoes are seldom a problem, even in the marshes, during the dry winter season; that along the northern shore there are no poisonous snakes; that when gun dogs of the region aren't suffering from heartworm they're likely to be crippled by cactus spines in their pads; and that he personally believes a trap load is the best choice for Yucatán duck shooting over decoys, since No. 6 shot cripples too many birds and magnum loads are unnecessary.

After lunch we walked through a banana plantation for an hour and put up four coveys of quail, at which I shot very badly; then I drove back to the Mérida Hotel and rejoined my wife.

We visited the magnificent ruins at Uxmal and Kabah before going by rented car to Campeche and Champotón. These, with the buildings at Chichén Itzá, are as archeologically impressive as the Egyptian pyramids. They should be seen. If the duck hunter's time is limited, he should send his wife, who will find the majesty and mystery of the ruins ample solace for duck widowhood.

At Champotón I tried the local tarpon fishing and hooked one, despite the services of the most incompetent guide I've encountered in a lifetime of fishing. A trip up the Champotón River produced no fish but a medley of noises, presumably made by birds and monkeys in the jungle that loomed above the river and sounding like a third-rate sound-effects record.

Yucatán, in short, is a land with a variety of promises, but not one altogether geared for the wildfowler—casual and aggravating when it comes to the fine details of bag limits and permits. However, the guides (when you find one) know their business, and the abundance of ducks makes Yucatán a tempting midwinter range for U.S. hunters. Shaun Viguerie, my guide, is active again this year, and can be reached in care of the Club Yucatán, 5243 Canal Boulevard, New Orleans—they'll forward mail or telegrams. Khaki trousers or shorts and shirts are all the clothes you'll need, but take along a light wool shirt and sneakers. Be sure to have someone get the proper army permit for gun entry; Viguerie will do this if you give him two weeks' notice (and can even lend you a serviceable gun, in a pinch). All licensing arrangements can be made on arrival. Flying time to Mérida is two hours from Havana, two hours and 40 minutes from New Orleans. Be sure your local airlines office or travel agent has up-to-date schedules of flights to Mérida. Mine didn't, and the resulting foul-up cost me a day.

And you might stop at the desk at the Mérida Airport and find out what happened to my $1.60. END

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Moment of satisfaction absorbs handler as he watches English setter point caged quail during sporting dog exhibition which highlights elaborate intermission program at Westminster show

Wistfully waiting with chauffeur at main door, a bejeweled white Afghan watches Westminster entrants arrive at the Garden on opening day

THE BIG TIME

In a floodlit arena filled with 15,000 cheering spectators the dog world's elite faces its greatest test—Westminster

TENSE but poised, the English setter shown in the brilliantly lighted scene at left faces one of the most unusual tests in the life of a sporting dog: the field exhibitions in the annual Westminster Kennel Club Show in New York's Madison Square Garden. Here are no open pastures and running birds; the giant arena, which only the night before was ice-covered for hockey, can only simulate the outdoors with its green-matted, brush-strewn field course, and the quail this setter is pointing, though live, is caged. In minutes, the simulated field conditions will be whipped away, and the arena will again become a show ring in which the best of 2,500 top dogs in the U.S. and Canada, all blue-ribbon winners of other shows, will go through the final paces on the road to the big Westminster blue. With best-in-show at the Garden go a silver trophy and national recognition as the year's top show dog. But the greatest reward for the champion comes when, at the midnight moment of glory, he prances in triumph before the admiring eyes of 15,000 spectators. There is nothing more gratifying to a showman—whether he be canine or human—than the cheers and applause of an enthusiastic audience. At the Garden the audience is always enthusiastic, and the dogs know it. For them, Westminster, which this week again moves into the Garden (Feb. 10–11), is the big show of the season, the political rally, cocktail party and college reunion of the dog world.

"I brought back a lot of new ideas from Puerto Rico—including rum on the rocks!"

says Lawrence Earle
of Berwyn, Pennsylvania

"Suddenly I notice everybody talking about Puerto Rico and its *rum*," says Larry Earle. "Now that I've been there, I know why.

"I'd always thought of rum as a cocktail drink. But Puerto Rican rum is brilliantly light. Like sunshine. And so dry they serve it *on the rocks*.

"Puerto Rico is fascinating for other reasons too. Quiet beaches. Glittering night life. First-rate fishing and grand opera. It's a vacation paradise."

◀ "I could see mountains, ancient fortresses and sun-washed beaches from my hotel in Puerto Rico," says Mr. Earle. "Here's where I discovered rum on the rocks." Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

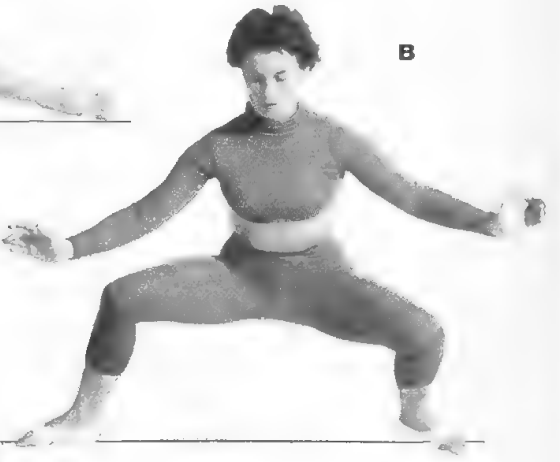
Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Rum Promotion Division, Dept. R, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19

BONNIE PRUDDEN / *Fitness*

This sinuous exercise strengthens abdominal and leg muscles

29 Fencers, dancers, rock climbers and active people generally will find this week's exercise, the lateral leg stretch, particularly helpful. It will strengthen the muscles in your legs and abdomen and is also good for developing balance. When you first try this new exercise, you can help keep your balance by leaning over and dropping your hands to the floor directly in front of you, letting them "walk" as you move across the floor. As soon as you are able, give up the hand support, straighten your back and perform the stretching exercise as designed and demonstrated by Bonnie in these three photographs.

From a squatting position, transfer your weight as far over your right foot as you can, keeping balance and a straight trunk.



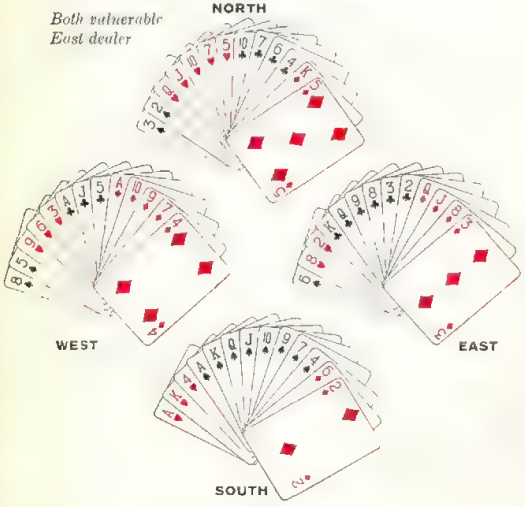
Holding your head at about the same distance from floor, move back into the squatting position, weight evenly distributed.

Then move weight over left foot in the same manner as A. Make the three-part movement continuous. Do four to 15 shifts.

CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

Bad Luck Can Be Fun

HAVE YOU NOTICED how many bridge players have a tendency to emphasize their hard luck? It is a distinct form of hypochondria. An ordinary hypochondriac is one who enjoys bad health. A bridge hypochondriac is one who enjoys bad luck. He appears to take great pride and derive immense pleasure from the claim that he is a "bad holder." It is strange how easy it is for him to forget the many good cards that have come his way. Take, for instance, the story of the hand that follows. It was told at a hypochondriacs' clinic where despondent bridge players had assembled to relate their most unlucky experiences at the card table. Only a bridge hypochondriac would consider the holding of such a huge hand as South's as a stroke of evil fortune.



E	S	W	N
PASS	7♠	DOUBLE	PASS
PASS	PASS		

The bare bones of this brief but bizarre auction require some explaining; actually, it was only the official part of the bidding that took place as set forth above. What happened first was that South was so excited by his glorious hand that he overlooked the detail that it had been dealt to him by East. Without waiting for that worthy to speak, South launched into a bid of two spades—out of turn!

The rule book having been duly consulted, South's bid was canceled, East's right to bid first was restored and, as the penalty for South's mistake, North was barred from taking any part in the bidding.

"So," as the narrator of this unmitigated example of hard luck described it, "after East passed, of course I bid seven spades. This was doubled by my left-hand opponent. He led the ace of diamonds and then the ace of clubs. I was down one. But if he had led the ace of clubs first, I would have made the hand."

A certain amount of humor, of course, lies in the complete confidence with which South contracted for a grand slam despite his three losers and his complete sincerity in referring to the incident as nothing more than a case of hard luck.

Yet there was pathos, too, in this situation due to the fact that the declarer really was the victim of a bad break. The fate of South's grand slam bid depended entirely on which of his two aces West selected for his opening lead. Had I been on lead with West's hand I would have produced the ace of clubs. Obviously, the declarer must have a void somewhere; since I had only three clubs and five diamonds, there was a better chance that the club ace would live.

Against me, South would have made his seven spades, and I would have had the hard luck story to tell at the next meeting of the moaners' club.

Extra trick: Should such penalties as afflicted South be invoked in a "sociable" game? Players who write to ask similar questions find me firmly on the side of law and order. Through long experience, I have learned that the only way to keep a game sociable is by impartial observance of *all* the rules. The moment some laws are waived, all laws come into question. And that is when the real arguments begin.

UNIQUE SQUASH BUILDING at the University of Pennsylvania, designed by Philadelphia Architect Paul Monaghan, includes, as the model shows, new center court arrangement, gallery facilities for 1,000. Project will be completed in spring at cost of $240,000.

Squash at its Best *continued from page 18*

squash in one form or another is played on Bahrein Island in the Persian Gulf, in Rhodesia, Malaya, Peru and in 30 other nations, including Australia, which has gone squash whacky. Last year 70 courts were built in Sydney alone, and even Hoad and Rosewall have tried the game.

It is mainly in courts at eastern colleges that young American squash players learn to play the game. The Ivy League alone has at least 175 courts but, all in all, 44 colleges and universities now carry squash on their athletic rosters. The new Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs will have 12 singles and four doubles courts when it opens for fledglings next fall. The U.S. Naval Academy is another hotbed. Navy has 32 courts. Every year 3,800 midshipmen take at least two squash lessons and academy teams compete on the intercollegiate circuit with harrowing effect. From February 21 to 23 Annapolis will cap a remarkable squash decade by playing host to the National Singles Championships. On five spanking new courts which seat 500 spectators, some 150 players hailing from all parts of the U.S. will whack their way toward national team and individual titles. Among them will be Henri Salaun and Diehl Mateer. Each has won the Nationals twice, and has met the other in the finals three times. In both 1954 and 1956 Mateer whipped Salaun in three straight games. In 1955 Diehl was tripped in the round of eight by Henry Foster of Boston while Salaun went on to win singles honors by defeating Ernest Howard of Toronto. Last year in one of the most thrilling squash matches ever played Salaun finally prevailed over Mateer in a national finals 15-12, 18-14, 14-16, 15-11. If form runs true they should collide again in the final this month to give another epic demonstration of championship squash racquets.

Except for the fact that they are magnificent competitors, two men could hardly contrast more. Mateer, 29, took up squash 14 years ago at the Merion Cricket Club on Philadelphia's Main Line. Merion had, and has, a fine squash tradition and one of the most accomplished professionals of all time in the late Bill White. It was overwhelmingly apparent from the moment Mateer picked up a squash bat that he was a natural.

In 1948, the year he played tennis on the Junior Davis Cup squad and the year he turned 19, Diehl began a peerless squash career by winning the Gold Racquets tournament at the Rockaway Hunting Club in Cedarhurst, Long Island. Since then he has taken the intercollegiate championship twice (he went to Haverford College, half a mile from the Merion Cricket Club), the Harry Cowles Invitational five times, the Ticknor-Glidden Round Robin three times, the Gold Racquets six times, the National Singles twice, the National Doubles five times and the United States Open once. Even for the polished amateur the latter accomplishment is a formidable one since it involves meeting some of the world's best professional players, usually including one or more of the fabulous Khan family of Pakistan which visits the United States during squash season and customarily shellacks everyone in sight—despite the fact that the Khans are more attuned to the slower English squash with

continued

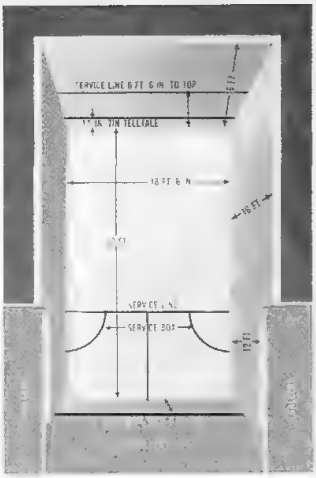
slightly different bats, balls, courts.

Salaun has also subdued a Khan or two and has won the Open once, but this year (Mateer did not compete) Henri lost in the finals to Roshan Khan 14–18, 15–7, 18–17, 18–16 at Detroit's University Club. The potential of squash as a spectator sport can perhaps be loosely measured by the fact that more than 100 Detroiters paid up to $75 a seat to watch the Open matches.

At age 14 (he is 31 now), Henri Salaun was showing promise as a young French tennis player. But then came the German occupation, and Henri and his mother slipped out of Paris, reached the U.S. He entered Deerfield Academy—and took up squash. In college (Wesleyan) he captained tennis and squash and co-captained soccer. But it was only after graduation, in 1949, that he began to perfect the squash game that has boosted him into national contention. In 1950 he played Mateer in the second round of the National Singles *and surprised everyone but himself* by losing a close match 17-14 in the fifth and deciding game. Since then, the two men have divided the honors of the amateur game in America.

A Mateer-Salaun match is a sight to see. It is invariably one which by its sheer power and virtuosity time and again lifts the gallery off its collective seat and drops it back limp. Mateer plays in the classic Philadelphia style, as have the great Philadelphia champions before him, like Donald Strachan, Stanley W. Pearson Jr., Charles M. P. Brinton and Hunter Lott. His strokes are sweeping and lovely to watch. His size (6 feet 1, 185 pounds) not only gives him the ability to cover court, but he can hit the ball so hard that spectators wince. He has little to say during a match beyond an occasional "good shot."

Salaun is barely 5 feet 6 inches tall and at 135 pounds would just qualify as a lightweight boxer. He is well muscled and as agile as a cat. There



DIMENSIONS of singles court (*above*) are established by U.S. Squash Racquets Association. Court costs vary but average $15,000 if building is already available.

NATIONAL RANKINGS

SINGLES

1. Henri Salaun, Boston
2. G. Diehl Mateer Jr., Philadelphia
3. Calvin D. MacCracken, Englewood, N.J.
4. Benjamin Heckscher, Philadelphia
5. *Harry B. Conlon, U.S.A.F.*
6. A. Carter Fergusson, Philadelphia
7. Charles Ufford, Boston
8. Henry Foster, Boston
9. Edward Hahn, Detroit
10. Richard C. Squires, Cleveland
11. David C. Johnson, New York
12. William Tully, New York
13. William Howe, New Haven, Conn.
14. Victor Elmaleh, New York
15. Fred G. Clarke Jr., Seattle

INTERCOLLEGIATE

1. Benjamin Heckscher, Harvard
2. Oliver Stafford, Williams
3. Richard Hoehn, Dartmouth
4. John Griffiths, Navy
5. Calvin Place, Harvard
6. Matt Dillon, Amherst
7. Ramsey Vehslage, Princeton
8. Harvey Sloane, Yale
9. Darwin Kingsley, Yale
10. Donald Clark, Navy

JUNIORS

1. Stephen Vehslage, Princeton
2. David Mason, U. of Pittsburgh
3. Guy T. Emmet III, Harvard
4. Romer Holleran, Phillips Exeter

WOMEN

1. Mrs. Pepper Constable, Princeton, N.J.
2. Mrs. Charles Wetzel, Philadelphia
3. Mrs. Robert White, Rochester
4. Mrs. Laussat Clement, Philadelphia
5. Jean McCormick, Boston
6. Mrs. John Carrott, Greenwich, Conn.
7. Hilda Smith-Petersen, Boston
8. Mrs. Baba Madden Lewis, Boston
9. Mrs. J. Newton Hunsberger, Phila.
10. Mrs. W. B. Manony Jr., Chappaqua, N.Y.

are few shots in a squash court that he cannot retrieve, and fewer that he cannot make. His racquet work in controlling the ball is astonishing. Power is not his weapon but he can move so fast in the court that he can afford to give his opponent all the room he needs to hit the ball. This, the rules of squash insist, must be done in any case, but there are some matches in every tournament that look more like hand-to-hand combat than squash. In theatrics Salaun has Mateer licked hands down. A missed shot or one that hits the tin telltale (*see diagram*) brings muttering, head-shaking and supplications to the heavens. When Azim Khan bloodied Henri's nose in the semifinal round of the 1958 Open, Ed Hahn of Detroit (who was national champion in 1950 and 1951) remarked that "when Henri goes down you never know whether to send for a doctor or a drama critic."

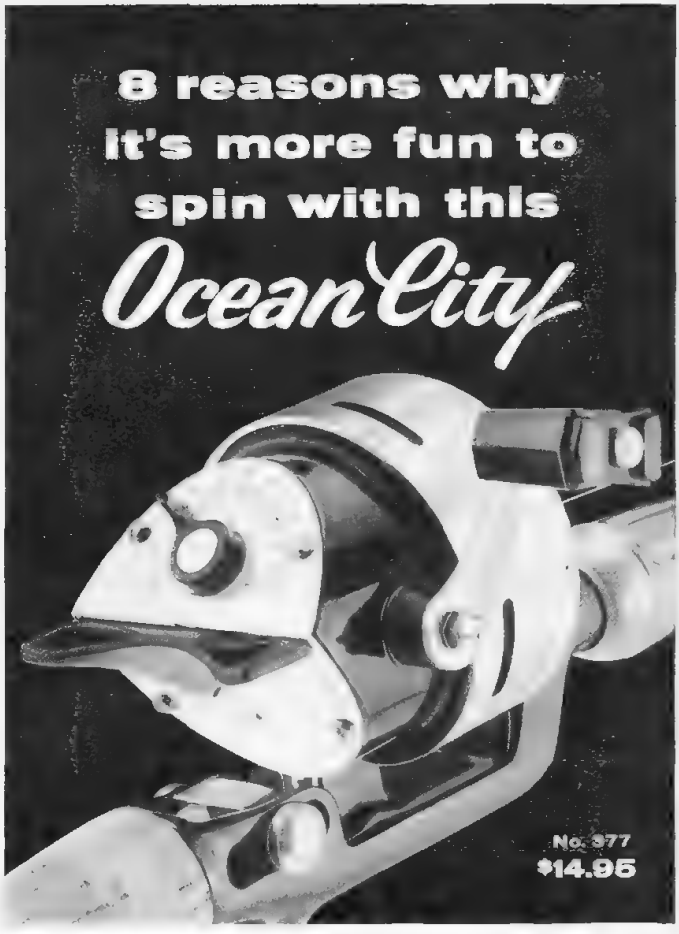
But, theatrics is incidental spice to fine squash, and if Mateer and Salaun meet in the final round of the Nationals the emphasis will be on fine squash between two fine sportsmen. The outcome is unpredictable.

Mateer is married, has three sprouting sons, aged 3, 4 and 5, and takes his job as vice-president of his father's manufacturing concern seriously. Earlier in the winter he remarked somewhat winsomely that maybe after you had won them all they didn't mean quite so much any more. Perhaps it was time to stay home and play squash for fun. "But," he added, "I would hate to do it without taking the Nationals again."

Mateer has not been seen in competition very much this year and during the Harry Cowles Invitational at the Harvard Club in New York last week, a tournament that is generally regarded as a warmup for the Nationals, Mateer dropped his semifinal match to third-ranked Calvin MacCracken of Englewood, N.J. in a slam-bang five-game match. Salaun ran the 38-year-old MacCracken ragged in the finals and emerged the winner three games to one.

Salaun lives squash. He travels as a salesman for the Bancroft Racket Co. He is never out of shape and is constantly staging squash clinics, many on his own time, when he is not at a tournament. He has been known to stay up late, but that is one of the occupational hazards of a squash weekend. At Annapolis, Henri Salaun will be the defending champion and he will be tough.

—THOMAS H. LINEAWEAVER



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him just before Christmas. Pensacola sold him to the Philadelphia Phillies for $3,000 and he got $600 of the sale price. He landed a regular job as shortstop and, just before the start of the 1941 season, he married Gwen.

"I come up as a shortstop," Bragan said, "but I found out I wasn't fast enough to *hound* that ball. I started doin' some catchin' in 1942. When I was traded to Brooklyn before the 1943 season it was partly as a catcher." Bragan has never regretted that trade, but not because it signaled any great upturn in his fortunes as a player. What it did do, ultimately, was bring him to the attention of Branch Rickey, who also came to Brooklyn in 1943.

At first Rickey didn't pay much mind (or much money) to his second-string catcher-infielder, but Bragan paid close attention to *him*, particularly to Rickey's memorable skull sessions on the art of baseball.

"Mr. Rickey was the greatest—*the* greatest," Bobby Bragan said. "He had a way of tellin' you things so you never forgot 'em. I remember one time Mr. Rickey chalked up the words *in extremis* on a little blackboard he had. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'those words mean in extreme circumstances. Let me tell you a story of an unfortunate man who was dying of cancer.' " Bragan paused to draw on his cigar, and then interrupted his recreation of Rickey's doleful tale to say: "Sometimes you wouldn't know for four-five minutes what the *hell* he was talkin' about. But you'd find out, and it'd stick with you. The man dyin' of cancer was *in extremis*, Mr. Rickey said, and he was ready to accept the word of God. Up to then he hadn't been, and he'd got along all right. Mr. Rickey's point turned out to be: if you got a hitter who is hittin' good, don't worry about where he puts his feet or what he seems to be doin' wrong. Leave him alone. If he gets a slump he can't get out of, can't hit anymore at all, then move. When he's *in extremis*."

Unlike some of Rickey's students, Bragan was an avid and thoughtful listener. In due course the old man became aware of this and it pleased him. Durocher liked Bobby's hot competitive spirit in the field, too, but mind and spirit were not quite enough to make Bragan a first-class ballplayer. He participated in only 74 games in 1943, mostly as a catcher, and 96 in 1944, some of the time at shortstop. He did not hit well either year. In 1945, when the draft caught up with him, the future looked bleak.

Bragan was 27, the father of two children (Robert Jr. had been born in 1943, Gwenn—known then and now as Cissie—in 1944), had not saved very much of his $9,000-a-year salary and even in a period when many players were away at the wars had failed to establish himself as a regular, let alone a star. Now he was about to lose two critical years of playing time. Bragan went into the Army sure of only one thing—that he would have a job of some sort on his return.

SHAPE AND COLOR

In 1945 and 1946 Brooklyn finished third and second, respectively, an improvement that was of very little comfort to the absent Bragan, a second lieutenant on stateside duty. Not only were the stars returning, but his old mentor, Branch Rickey, was moving to change the shape—and color of baseball. When Bragan reported at Vero Beach for the 1947 season he found a new, dark face in the lineup.

"I didn't like it," Bragan said, looking his questioner straight in the eye. "I was one of the ones that didn't. I went to Mr. Rickey and told him so. He said: 'Do you want to be traded?' and I said: 'Yes, I want to be traded.' " Bragan's mouth, which had drawn down at the corners, pulling the rest of his face with it into the pugnacious mask he often wears on the field, suddenly broke into a smile. "So Mr. Rickey didn't trade me," he said softly. "And in the next few months I found out what a helluva man Jackie Robinson was."

Not all southern ballplayers adjusted as well or as quickly as Bragan to the passing of the color line, and even now there is little social contact outside the park. Bragan himself does not pretend to be fully reconstructed, although he is not offended, either as a manager or a Southerner, by the fact that his new Cleveland star, Minnie Minoso, reportedly will receive $40,000 for the 1958 season against his own $27,500.

"I don't socialize with 'em," he said of the Negro members of the Almendares team (there are more colored than white). "But we get along good and everybody gets treated just alike in the dugout and locker room. A home run on that scoreboard is just as big no matter who hits it. They don't put no color mark on it. When I have to be away, my coach Sungo—Sungo Carrerras—manages the team. He's a *good* baseball man, and the white players take orders from him just like they would from me. And he's black—*real* black." (In late January, when Bragan had to spend 10 days in Cleveland, Carrerras took charge. By then Almendares was two games out, and Sungo neither lost nor made up ground.)

A decade of integrated baseball clearly has mellowed Bragan, but it still is obvious that 1947 was a painful year for him. While Jackie Robinson was becoming Rookie of the Year, Bragan was rusting in the bullpen. He caught only 25 games, batted a wistful .194 and knew only one moment of glory. As a pinch hitter in the sixth game of the World Series he doubled home a run that helped the Dodgers win 8–6.

But the year was by no means wasted. "Sittin' out there in the bullpen, I got so I'd watch Burt Shotton and try to decide what I'd do if I was managin'," Bragan recalls. (This was the year of Durocher's suspension.) By contract time Bragan had reached a crucial conclusion. "I went to Mr. Rickey again," he said. "I told him I'd like a chance to manage. 'I ain't got the tools to be a big-money player,' I said, 'but you don't have to run fast to be a manager.' Mr. Rickey said he'd let me know."

Bragan had played in only nine games when Rickey telephoned him on the Fourth of July weekend. "Mr. Rickey said, 'You interested in the Fort Worth job? It's open.' Forty-eight hours later I was on the way to Tulsa to pick up the team." Bragan found he could still run fast enough for Class AA ball, and as catcher-manager he brought Fort Worth its first Texas League championship in nine years. He also began a romance with the city, shared by Gwen and Robert Jr. and Cissie, which appears likely to last his lifetime.

"It is a *wonderful* city," Gwen said, her eyes crinkling with delight at the very thought of it. "You know Raahbut Jr. and Cissie come down here for Christmas, they couldn't *wait* to get back home. Raahbut's parents are spendin' the winter there with 'em, they have all their friends there, they just don' want *ever* leave. The mornin' they were goin' back I went in to wake up Raahbut Jr.—and that usually *isn't* easy—and I said, 'This is the day the plane goes,' and he jumped right outa bed and said, 'Well, what *am* Ah waitin' for!' "

ORANGE JUICE INCIDENT which preceded Bragan's discharge by Pittsburgh occurred when Umpire Stan Landes (*second from right*) banished manager from Milwaukee game after Bragan held nose over a decision at second base. Instead of obeying order to leave, Bragan strolled into the dugout, got some orange pop and returned to mid-field where he offered Landes and his colleagues a drink. For this calculated bit of impertinence Bragan was fined $100 by National League President Warren Giles.

When Bobby Bragan got home to Fort Worth a week or so after the Pittsburgh firing last summer, he told Blackie Sherrod, then the sports editor of the *Fort Worth Press* and a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED correspondent:

"Managing at Pittsburgh was like a guy 6 feet tall walking down a five-foot tunnel. Every time you raised your head, you got a bump. You kept looking for a tall place so you could stand up straight and look around. But there wasn't any. I wanted to make trades, a bunch of 'em. The way I figure it, a second-division club can't afford to stand pat. You can't afford to wait five years to develop players. You want the finished product in the big leagues, not a training school. But I couldn't get Joe Brown to make the trades. When I get back, I won't manage any different, on the field or in the clubhouse. No one has complained on that score. My No. 1 sin in the big leagues was not winning. No. 2 was criticizing any and all who kept me from it."

THE WILD DAYS

Both Bragan and Joe L. Brown, the son of the motion picture comedian, came to Pittsburgh at the start of the 1956 season. Brown succeeded Branch Rickey as general manager, and Bragan replaced Fred Haney. Rickey, though pushed upstairs as chairman of the board, was instrumental in the selection of Bragan. Brown was the choice of Thomas Johnson, now vice-president of the club and never a great friend of Rickey.

Bragan had gone to the Hollywood stars of the Pacific Coast League in 1953, and there—just as in Texas—he brought in a championship his first season. For a few wild days in June of 1956 it looked as though he might repeat the formula at Pittsburgh. Then Dale Long stopped hitting home runs and the Pirates started to skid toward the basement, where they had resided for four of Rickey's five years as general manager. In 1957 all of the magic was gone and Bragan (who is 5 feet 11 inches) got out of the five-foot tunnel only by getting fired.

THE WAY IT WAS

In Havana, on Tuesday, it was still storming and the evening's game was called off. "*¡Suspendido!*" Bragan said, venturing beyond the "baseball Spanish" he likes to claim is the limit of his linguistic ability. He and Gwen had come over to the Havana Riviera Hotel for cocktails. In the restaurant bar Bragan stared sternly at the waiter and said, very distinctly, "*Jugo tomate.*" The waiter looked stunned, but when Bragan scowled he hurried off to get the juice.

Bragan considered the remarks he had made to Sherrod some five months before. "That's about the way it was," he said thoughtfully. "Joe Brown and I were just too far apart, and Mr. Rickey wasn't in control. He had been forced out. Oh, he was still supposed to be a consultant, and I know he used to sit near the phone and hope somebody'd call up and ask his advice. I guess I was the only one that did. Brown didn't."

Gwen Bragan sniffed. "Everybody but Joe Brown *loved* Raahbut in Pittsburgh," she said indignantly. "When we started out for home, we had to drive clear across Pittsburgh. And every time—*every* time—Raahbut stopped for a traffic light people in cars alongside would call out, 'Good luck, Bobby!' or, 'Sorry to see you go, Bobby!' or even"—she giggled—" 'They fired the wrong man.' It was that way *clear* across town." Although a native of Elizabeth, N.J., Gwen Best Bragan grew up in Birmingham, and neither her accent nor her loyalties have been modified by forays into the North. She is a United Daughter of the Confederacy, Robert is "Raahbut" and "fired" is not "fiahed" but something very close to "fahd."

While there is no doubt of Bragan's personal popularity with Pittsburgh fans, a good many baseball men wonder if he would have fared any better if Rickey had been in control. Certainly Fred Haney had as much trouble getting Rickey to build up the club as Bragan did with Brown, and the team Bragan inherited on his arrival in Pittsburgh, with all its Class AA (or worse) players, was a Rickey creation. Be that as it may, in Bragan's own mind his problem was Joe Brown, and by "freely criticizing" Brown in the press he made his own dismissal almost inevitable.

There were those who thought that these pop-offs and Bragan's widely publicized hassles with umpires left his future more than dark, but the Cleveland owners were not among them. Behind the publicity barrage his fellow tradesmen saw a man who was, as Bragan once said admiringly of Casey Stengel, "managing with abandon." He brought to bear all the theory learned from Rickey in the old Brooklyn skull sessions, and the sort of aggressive determination he had observed in Leo Durocher from the Dodger bullpen. He dared to tamper

continued

with baseball's traditional batting order, moving his strongest hitters to the first and second rungs, where they were likely to get an extra time at bat. He scorned suggestions that he use his best pitchers only against second-division clubs and thus shoot for a sixth-place finish. "As long as I'm managing," he told one reporter, "they're going to get the best I've got, whether it's the first inning or the ninth, in Brooklyn or Milwaukee or any place else."

It is Bragan's misfortune that, while baseball men appreciated his managing techniques, neither baseball men nor the public generally got the point he was attempting to make in his run-ins and chase-outs with the umpires.

"The fact is," Bragan said, sipping a second glass of tomato juice, "I ain't had trouble with many umpires. Just a few egomaniacs—guys that thought they was God in a blue suit. I only got run once my last year in the Coast League, but when I got up to Pittsburgh Larry Goetz was waitin' for me. Maybe he'd heard about a stunt or two I'd pulled out there the year before and figured I was a big ole showboat and he'd show me. He sure tried.

"This last year I only got chased five times, and four of those five was by the umpire team of Dascoli, Landes, Secory and Baker. That was Goetz's old team, and I guess the stigma lingered on. You ran a piece in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED about how many people they chased [SI, Aug. 19]. I guess a lot of people think I got thrown out for stunts like the orange juice, but that's not so. *Never.* Those stunts come *after* I got run for *nothin'*—for doin' my job as a manager and tryin' to win. That's when I used the stunts—to show up the showboat umpires!"

It is true that Bragan often has gone quietly when thumbed out of a game, aware that in the heat of the moment he had stepped out of line. At the time of our conversation he had been "run" three times in Cuban League games. In none of the three cases had he felt sufficiently injured to "show up" the umpire. Bragan is more right than he perhaps realizes, however, when he "guesses" that many people believe the juice came before the thumb. To that degree, the stunts have failed as criticism.

THE BRAGAN FAMILY was partially reunited in Fort Worth last week when Gwen came home from Cuba. Here she and Cissie, 13, look admiringly at Robert Jr., 14.

THE HAPPY SHIP

As an Old Testament, eye-for-an-eye Christian, with a compulsion to strike back at once against what he considers injustice, Bragan may have to exercise real restraint in Cleveland in his relations with General Manager Frank Lane. Unlike the remote Joe Brown, Lane is never very far from his manager. How would Bragan feel, I asked, if Lane loudly, publicly and profanely second-guessed him, as he did Fred Hutchinson at St. Louis?

"I don't know," he said, after a long, thoughtful pause, "I don't know how I'd feel. Have to wait and see, I guess. So far I've got along fine with Frank Lane. Neither one of us likes sixth place [Cleveland's position at the end of the 1957 American League race] any better'n we do seventh or eighth. And he's got guts—it takes guts to make trades, and he makes 'em.

"I'll say one thing, though," Bragan went on, "this ain't gonna be no one-man ball club—Frank Lane's, or Bobby Bragan's, or anybody's. Take Eddie Stanky, gonna be my third-base coach. He come down here to see me, I said: 'Eddie, you know as much about managin' a baseball club as I do. I ain't gonna bother you, but I'm gonna expect you to have that infield ready and sharp!' Take Mel Harder. He's the pitchin' coach, it's up to him how he handles his pitchers, just so I got the pitcher I need when I need him.

"I like to run a happy ship, but I don't coddle ballplayers. Man makes a mistake, I tell him about it right then, I don't think: 'Oh, well, maybe he'll do better next time.' Other hand, I don't pick at a man who's tryin'."

Bragan fingered the lapel of his canary-yellow corduroy sports jacket. Then he leaned forward, almost truculently, and for the first time off the field the muffin bunch appeared around his mouth. When he spoke his voice had dropped several notes and there was a bit of a rasp in it.

"A winnin' ball club's got to be a *mad* ball club—*maaad!*" Bragan said. "Not mad at me, though, or the coaches. That don't do no good. Mad at the other team. Mad at 'em 'cause they might even *try* to beat you! That's the kind of club I aim to have at Cleveland. That's the kind I got here." **END**

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Among the many Americans who like to bet on the races there are a few who can't stop. Here is the authenticated story of one anonymous horseplayer whose compulsion nearly ruined his life. In his own phrase:

'I Made My First Bet $25,000 Ago'

AS TOLD TO SOL FOX

ANYONE who has ever made a $2 bet on a horse could consider himself a horseplayer, but that would be trifling with a term that shouldn't be used loosely. The fan who follows the form, gets out to the track on his day off and makes an occasional wager with a bookie is a *real* horseplayer. He does it for fun, as a connoisseur of bloodlines and performance charts, and only sometimes. For him, the race is the thing, as it should be.

There is another breed—the compulsive horseplayer. He is to the real horseplayer what an alcoholic is to a social drinker. For him, there is no *play*; the race is only a means. He is someone who, like me, can devote the best part of his time and most of his money to the pursuit of winners, knowing all the time that there will never be enough. Your compulsive horseplayer is like those people climbing mountains; he does it because it is there to do. He must.

What *makes* this kind of horseplayer I don't know, even after carefully examining the question in an intense psychoanalysis and studying it further in the almost four years since I made my last plunge. What *is* a compulsive horseplayer is a question I can answer from my own experience.

I made my first bet $25,000 ago in a dingy Brooklyn horse parlor. I was 19 and eager. From that moment on, I was in a battle to break even. I never had a chance. For 15 years I played the horses in a backbreaking routine designed to keep family and friends from knowing what I was doing, plagued always with guilt that made an impossible situation even tougher.

During that time I lost more than half of the money I earned. The horseplayer's Malthusian theory worked for me: my debts increased geometrically while my salary went up arithmetically. When I started I was making $25 a week and my debt limit was around $500. When I was making six times that much I owed 15 times as much. My creditors would stretch from here to bankruptcy.

As a horseplayer, I was interested in the things around me, but not very. Only through great discipline did I make myself meet enough of my professional and social obligations to maintain the façade of respectability that I needed to combat a constant sense of shame.

From this someone might draw the moral that horseplaying doesn't pay. But that isn't necessarily so. It depends. It ought to be clear that you don't do something voluntarily for 15 years without getting some satisfaction out of it. I had my kicks along with the frustrations, and there were laughs to lighten the misery. You have your high points and the low ones.

My highest point, moneywise, was a winning streak a couple of years after the war. In 15 years of playing dozens of horses each week you're bound to hit some winners. But this one was more than just a hit. This was big. And it began almost accidentally.

The day before I was to start a vacation I found myself with $4.25 and four hours to wait for my paycheck. It was a case of a big lunch or a small bet, on a horse I had been following for weeks. I ate a hot dog for lunch and bet $4 to win on the 8-to-1 shot. He won, and I was off.

For two weeks everything I touched turned to winners. I bet horses solo and they won. I bet them in two- and three-horse parlays and if-and-reverse combinations and they won. A recent string of losers had left me cautious, so my opening bets were relatively small. Even so, on the Saturday night of the second week I could tally at least $10,000 in winnings.

I had moved from my small apartment to a midtown hotel suite. I rented a fast car because in the frenzy that grew on me I couldn't stand the crowded, dirty and slow Long Island

trains that hauled players to the New York tracks. Wrapped up as I was in form sheets, I didn't have time to fuss with laundry and such. So I bought clothes almost every day, shopping the fancy men's stores by telephone. My expensive suite was a warren of soiled $7 shirts and well-thumbed racing papers. I couldn't eat much for my nervousness, but when I did it was in the best restaurants.

Now, with $10,000 in hand, I debated whether to quit. I was in debt for about $7,000, which would mean I could pay off and still have a nice nest egg. The only trouble was that after more than 10 years as a player I was loser for possibly $20,000. Any chance of a rational decision went out the window as I convinced myself that I had never had a better chance than now to break even and it would be silly to quit.

The clincher in my debate with myself was the fantastic notion that even if the streak was completely reversed I would still be out only the $4 of the original bet.

I went back into action on Monday, after a $20 lunch. No condemned man ever ate a better last meal. I won my first bet of the day. It was the last winner until all of the $10,000 was gone. That took five days. There were moments when I tried to reason myself into quitting, but the break-even dream swept me along.

FOR reasons I don't yet understand I had banked enough to pay my hotel bill and car rental (the clothes I'd paid for C.O.D.). It was hard to keep from smashing the car into a pole on the way home from the track on the final day. But I turned in the car whole, paid my hotel bill and took a subway back to my small apartment. Frequently, in my time as a horseplayer, I felt depression, anxiety and anguish. This night I was at the bottom. I wanted to commit suicide.

Two things stopped me: the feeling that it's good to be alive, even as a loser; and an invitation to visit a friend in the country. I still had a week of vacation left, so I

continued

"I used to fancy myself on a level with the operators in Wall Street"

Horseplayer

continued

went. It gave me a new lease on life.

It was a month after my return before I made another bet. Several times I was able to break off like that, for a month or two; once, for six months. Generally, it was because I was simply worn out and needed time to refresh my spirit, my body and my purse. Sometimes, but only as a loser, I could feel that I had had it for a while and persuade myself to knock off temporarily.

On the other hand, and more usually, when the fever was on me I just had to have a bet. Toward the end of my career, for example, I flew to Florida to spend two weeks at the home of a wartime buddy in Coral Gables.

At this point I had all but dried up my credit sources and was in debt for more than a year's pay to 30 friends, two finance companies and one commercial bank. By Peter-Pauling fresh loans with unpaid balances I managed to scrape together $500, though why I required that much I didn't know until after I got to Florida.

My hosts went all-out to make me comfortable, and they succeeded for the first week. Then, all of a sudden, I had to make a bet. I couldn't bear to read a newspaper for fear I'd spot a horse in the entries and wouldn't be able to bet him. I couldn't explain to my host. But I had to get to a bookie, even if only to bet on losers. I needed action.

I explained that since this was my first visit to Florida it might be interesting to spend a couple of days at one of the fabulous Miami Beach hotels. My host agreed. He drove me to the newest beach-front hotel. We had lunch and I couldn't wait for him to leave so I could make connections with a bookie. I found him in Cabana 11. Pool-front scuttlebutt had it that he paid $50,000 a year for the privilege of operating at the hotel. I contributed all I had and cashed in the return portion of my airline ticket.

When all my money was gone I sent a frantic wire to a friend from whom I hadn't borrowed in months. I told him I had been in a car accident and needed $300 to square it without legal trouble. The money arrived before post time for the first race the next day. I paid my bill, bought another plane ticket and bet out the balance on a couple of losers. Then I went to Coral Gables for the rest of my luggage, explaining that I had been called back to work unexpectedly. I haven't been to Florida since.

The hallmark of the compulsive horseplayer is the ability to turn good into bad consistently. That was me, almost from the first. About a year after I started playing the horses I got a fine job that meant a great deal to me. By that time I had lost perhaps $500 as a player and was in debt for about half that. I could have paid

"Endlessly studying form sheets . . ."

off the debt in a year or less and been home free. Why I didn't do that I don't know, except that I told myself I wanted another chance to get back what I'd lost!

I continued playing the horses and got deeper in debt. Pretty soon I was taking up a good part of my working time on the phone or at the bookie parlor around the corner from the office. And before long I was so deeply in debt that I couldn't see my way out. I worried. The more I worried, the worse things went. The worse things went, the more I worried: the horseplayer's merry-go-round. I was afraid my horseplaying would be discovered and I would be fired.

When it seemed impossible to solve the problem, I did what seemed most impossible. I went to the boss. I made a clean breast of it and asked him to loan me enough to centralize my dozen or so debts.

Unconsciously, I probably hoped he'd fire me. That would have been a suitable punishment and would square accounts for the heavy load of guilt I was beginning to build up. Instead, he gave me a sympathetic hearing, some good advice, and the loan. I promised I would quit betting and make good his faith in me. I wanted to mean it.

That afternoon I paid off all but two of my debts. Before I could reach the other two creditors I had been attracted to a loser. Within a week I was back in the hole. Within a month I was fired. The boss had learned of my continued betting. His secretary called me. She said my services were no longer required. She said the boss didn't like people who went back on their word to him.

My dismay was tempered by respect for the lesson I was learning. From that moment on, I never again let the horses drag me away from my job. At the same time, an eviction threat impressed me with a need to pay the rent.

Since then, I have religiously followed three rules: keep your nose clean on the job; stock the larder with staples; and pay the rent. As a result, I've slept in bedrooms a self-respecting bedbug would snub, but I've always had a bed. I've eaten a lot of beans, but I've never gone hungry. And, although I continued playing for many years, I was never again fired from a job.

Why I should have needed this lesson, why I should have become involved in this ridiculous rat race, I don't know. Certainly I wasn't bred for it. I came from a poor but respectable family without a single horseplayer in a line going back seven generations. My training at home and in school was firm but not repressive and I was a good student and a "good boy."

Of course, some not-so-nice things were taken for granted, even for good boys, in our Murder, Inc. neighborhood. On our block, for one thing, we

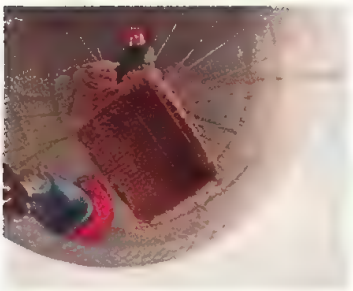
continued

Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

I forgot to let go of this

Runaway Balloon

1. **"Anybody but a novice** like me would have dropped that rope like a hot potato," writes Frances Shields, an American friend of Canadian Club. "It happened at a meeting of Canadian balloon clubs south of Montreal. My friend Tony Fairbanks was in the basket. I'd been helping to release the mooring. Suddenly a gust of wind lifted the balloon skyward and I found myself the tail of the kite.



2. **"75 feet up** over the St. Lawrence River, I was still trying to shinny up the rope to Tony's basket. Lucky for me that rope was dry. But it's still hard to climb a rope when your fingers are crossed.

3. **"'Thought you were a goner,'** Tony said when he hauled me aboard. We were 100 feet up then, swinging silently below the big nylon bagful of cooking gas. I didn't breathe easy until we were down and intact 3 hours and 40 miles later.

4. **"Best view of the trip** came when we got our land legs back and Tony broke out the bottle he'd packed. Might have known it would be Canadian Club."

Why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Only Canadian Club has a distinctive flavor that captures in one great whisky the lightness of scotch and the smooth satisfaction of bourbon. That's why no other whisky in all the world tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long . . . in short ones before dinner, tall ones after. Canadian Club is made by Hiram Walker, now celebrating 100 years of distilling leadership. It's "The Best In The House" in 87 lands.

6 years old • 90.4 proof • Imported from Canada

Canadian Club

IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC. DETROIT, MICH. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

REVERE fashions this Gary McCord [illegible] in 80% "Orlon" and 20% cotton. About $7. Arnold Constable, New York, and other [illegible] The Man[illegible] Co., Boston; L. Strauss & Co., Indianapolis; Maurice L. Rothschild, Chicago; Rothschild Young & Jordan, Minneapolis and St. Paul; Battelstein [illegible] Houston; [illegible], San Francisco.

[illegible] REVERE, MEMPHIS, TENN.

AUTOMATIC NEATNESS

New luxury-knit shirt of 80% "Orlon" and 20% cotton can be machine-washed, machine-dried...worn without ironing

This light, superbly comfortable knit shirt is *"automatic wash and wear"* . . . comes out of a modern dryer ready to wear. "Orlon"* acrylic fiber enables this shirt to resist stretching or shrinking; stay trim wearing after wearing, washing after washing. This shirt can also be washed by hand or machine and drip-dried. Any way you wash it, here's lightweight luxury with amazing shape retention, remarkable comfort, handsome style. Buy one soon.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

*"Orlon" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its acrylic fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, not the apparel or finished shirt shown here.

Horseplayer

continued

learned to gamble before we learned to spell b-e-t. At first the game was potsy and the stakes were cardboard pictures of our favorite sport and movie stars. Later we pitched pennies and played pinochle and poker. The stakes grew as the games changed. I was a hot hand in a crap game before I had mastered long division. Still, all of this was a sometime thing, and I never planned a career as a gambler.

But one day a friend said, let's go to a horse room, and I went. The get-rich excitement of the place must have impressed itself on me. The stinking, smoky grubbiness of the room I ignored. I returned two years later, after a series of small frustrations, to become a horseplayer lock, stock and pocketbook.

When I made that starter bet, in the spring of 1937, I was working as a short-order cook, on a split shift. All my free time I spent in a horse parlor, endlessly studying form sheets and listening to races called over a telephone circuit from all the race tracks. One way and another, it probably was a monotonous routine. But the minute or two that each race took and the excitement with which I approached it gave me a kick that more than balanced the idiocy of my horseplayer's routine.

In later years, as I got deeper in debt and learned about financial manipulation, I was almost as fascinated with that process as with the horses. As I went through a series of funding, re-funding and long-term loan maneuvers to extend my credit, I used to fancy myself on a level with the operators in Wall Street. In fantasy the equation seemed to hold up. They dealt in stocks and I dealt in horses, but the objective was the same: to hit a winner and keep your credit sound while waiting.

Originally I had borrowed only from friends, but even though I started with many, I had to run through them eventually. When that happened, the next logical move was a loan from a commercial bank. When that source dried up, I was guided to a loan company. And when I hit the limit there, the first loan company manager arranged for me to get a loan at another loan company. This shook my naive regard for the rules which said you couldn't do that. But I did it. I was in debt to two finance companies for seven years.

I saved one friend—Don—as an ace in the hole until about three years after the war, when I played the card. I was in debt then for just under $5,000 and had a series of especially pressing obligations. They came to $2,000. I wanted to borrow enough from Don to square the tough debts and leave about $500 for a new stake.

However, there was a question whether Don would loan me the money if he knew why I wanted it. Probably not. Also, there was my need to maintain a Dr. Jekyll façade of respectability, a neurotic compulsion that made it impossible for me at that time to tell Don the truth.

I created a story, about a chance to buy in on a business deal that was sure to pay off big. I could have told him I was financing a trip to Mars. He seemed almost more eager to loan me the $2,500 than I was to borrow it. The terms were payment in full without interest in two years, if I had it.

I swallowed my conscience and paid off the $2,000 as planned. The other $500 went on a series of losers. In less than a month I had reborrowed on some of the accounts I had just paid off. My debt limit went up over the $6,000 mark.

In the end, the constant spiral of debt was one of the things that helped (or forced) me to quit. I just couldn't take it any more. The agonizing strain of deception and the effort needed to keep my stories straight for my family and creditors were just too much. The simple fact was that I no longer had the recuperative power. A losing day at the track left me shaking and empty, my heart pounding so hard I was sure it would collapse. I couldn't stand many days like that.

I had already tried analysis and it hadn't worked. At least, the doctor thought it hadn't. He tossed me out because I had used our free association sessions as simply another excuse to continue playing. The doctor told me that much as he hated to admit failure with me, his first horseplayer patient, he was afraid he couldn't cope with the problem. What he didn't know was that horseplaying is a disease with roots so deep that their destruction has begun long before the effect is visible on the surface. When the doctor and I parted company I was on my way to a cure, though neither of us knew it then.

"I moved . . . to a hotel suite and rented a fast car"

But Tamara knew it. She knew a lot more, too. Enough to marry me despite risks that any normal girl would have considered impossible. I met her in the days soon after I "completed" my analysis, when I was spending less time with the horses and more time with things that a fellow into his 30s should be doing. When it began to appear that this was one of those relationships that end in marriage, I told her the whole story.

If you want to, we can make it, she said. We were married. We lived on short rations while we paid my debts, but we were happy and hopeful about the future.

The story should end there. It doesn't, because my wife insisted that

continued

MAN'S MOTOR stars at the Chicago National Boat Show, International Amphitheatre, Chicago from Feb. 7 - 16. It's the new 1958 GALE BUCCANEER. Designed for the man who wants pure motor—no frills or furbelows. Features easy one-pull starting and virile, functional styling. At Booth 422-425.

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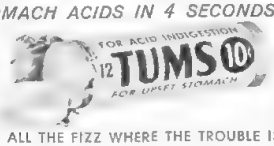


PUTS ALL THE FIZZ WHERE THE TROUBLE IS!

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Biggest gain in advertising pages of any U.S. magazine, 1957 over 1956.

Horseplayer

continued

I handle the family finances. And because one day we started talking about a car.

We could get one in 12 or 18 months, she said, after we had cleared the debt. Why not now? I thought. Hell, we could have bought a dozen cars with the money I'd lost. It didn't seem fair to deprive her of what she could reasonably have expected.

There was only one way to do anything about it. Fifteen years of learning went out the window. The next day, a Saturday, I made excuses about a business errand and went to the track with $50.

I won $600. Monday I was through early at the office, in time to make the last three races at Jamaica. I hit all three and won $800 more. Tuesday I was free and at the track again. I bet every race but didn't hit another winner. I went home broke and broken. I would have preferred to keep the whole thing secret, but I knew I couldn't. It hurt too much. So I confessed.

We hadn't known such tension before and haven't experienced it since. She blew her cork, sky high. I sat and took it. I also swore that this was my last adventure. She believed me.

At my insistence, she took over the family finances. All my outstanding notes were redrawn for two signatures, so they couldn't be renewed without her knowledge. And we agreed that if I wanted to go watch the horses run I would say so, and I would go; or maybe we would go together.

That was four years ago.

We're free of debt now. We have a car. I've gone to the track several times with friends. Usually we pool a dollar or so each for bets. For the first time I'm really seeing the horses run, and it's fun without the pressure. The last time I went to the track was Decoration Day a year ago. I'm thinking of another visit soon. It could become a habit.

NEXT WEEK

The Other Side of the Coin

Tom O'Reilly, of racing's Morning Telegraph *shows you the sport of kings as he—along with millions of other Americans—knows it: a thing of beauty, a place for pleasure and a happy contest of wits at which you may even sometimes come out ahead.*

19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

Fun and games: Ghastlies

Sirs:

Our ski club is currently in the throes of a new parlor game that threatens our sanity but has become as habit-forming as marijuana. We call it "sports ghastlies." Herewith some of our better efforts. *Fishing:* "Gee, Mother Ahab, I hear your son really hooked into a big one," or "Mrs. Jonah, why are you so prejudiced against skin-diving?" *Card Games:* "Hello, Mr. Bluebeard, playing solitaire again?" or, "Next time you throw a hand on the table, pardner, tell us who it belonged to." Some other favorites are: "Oedipus can't make the team this spring, Coach, some kind of family trouble." And: "Well, Mrs. Goliath, the bigger they come. . . ."

Now we want to find out from your readers what other sports ghastlies are being invented. Each new item will receive the solemn consideration of the Albuquerque Ski Club's full membership.

MRS. WAYNE COOPER

Albuquerque

● You mean like, "C'mon, Cyclops, keep your eye on the ball"?—ED.

Jemail: The beautiful mule (cont.)

Sirs:

Hooray for Kenneth M. Hollingsworth (19th HOLE, Jan. 27). He knows his mules.

The horse or bronc is yet to be born that can be trained to pull a trip of coal-mine cars in the mine, single, spike or string team; to leave the mine track on a moment's notice; gee or haw when the tail chain is cut loose and turn into a refuge hole on a dead run downgrade and live; or kick out a timber crossbar that is rubbing his withers when he gets a chance. He will lie down when worked to exhaustion and will get up when coal dust, sand or water is poured into his ear.

D. A. MACWHIRTER

Amarillo, Texas

Jemail: The beautiful fox

Sirs:

As I boarded a plane for three weeks of fox hunting in England, I picked up a copy of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and read Jimmy Jemail's HOTBOX ("Is the Fox Hunt Doomed?" SI, Jan. 6). Evidently, Mr. Matthews knew what he was talking about because not only did I have a wonderful time fox hunting, but I joined three other Americans who were doing the same thing, and they in turn were going to be joined by six others. In addition, several of our friends were fox hunting in Ireland this year.

LAWRENCE B. ILLOWAY

Paoli, Pa.

Fun and games: Play it yourself

Sirs:

Congratulations for your fine coverage of the heretofore unpublicized college chess bowl (SI, Jan. 13). Your publishing of the play-by-play of the decisive match between Charles Kalme and Anthony Saidy would be greatly appreciated.

JOEL SCHREIBER

Far Rockaway, N.Y.

SAIDY White	KALME Black	SAIDY White	KALME Black
1 P-Q4	Kt-KB3	35 K B2	R-B6
2 P-QB4	P-KKt3	36 Kt-Q5	K-Kt2
3 Kt-QB3	B-Kt2	37 Kt-Kt4	R-B5
4 P-K4	P-Q3	38 KtxB	RxP ch
5 P-KB3	O-O	39 K-Q3	RxKt
6 B-K3	P-K1	40 R-K7 ch	K-Kt3
7 P-Q5	Kt-K1	41 RxP	R-K3
8 Q-Q2	P-KB4	42 R-Kt8	K-Kt4
9 PxP	PxP	43 P-Kt4	K-R5
10 O-O-O	Kt-Q2	44 R-KR8	R-KB3
11 Kt R3	Kt-QB4	45 P-R4	R-B6 ch
12 Kt KB2	B-Q2	46 K-Q4	R-QR6
13 B KR6	Q-KB3	47 P-R5	R-QR7
14 BxB	KtxB	48 K-K5	RxP
15 R-K1	PxQR3	49 R-R6	R-K7 ch
16 P-KB4	QR-K1	50 K-Q5	R-Kt7
17 PxP	PxP	51 K-B5	P-Kt6
18 Kt-Q3	KtxKt ch	52 RxP	R-B7 ch
19 BxKt	K-R1	53 K-Q5	K-R6
20 KR-KB1	Q-Q3	54 R-Kt6	P-Kt7
21 P-KKt3	P-B3	55 P-Kt5	R-R7
22 B-B2	PxP	56 P-R6	R-R5
23 QxP	Q-R3 ch	57 K-Q6	P-R5
24 Q-Q2	QxQ ch	58 R-Kt7	K-R7
25 KxQ	B-QB3	59 P-R7	RxP
26 R-KB2	R-Q1 ch	60 RxR	P-Kt8(Q)
27 K-B1	P-K5	61 R-R6	Q-Q5 ch
28 R-Q2	Kt-Ke	62 K-B6	Q-B5 ch
29 RxR	RxR	63 K-Kt6	K-Kt7
30 P-KKt4	PxP	64 R-R7	P-R6
31 BxP	Kt B4	65 R-Kt7 ch	K-B6
32 B-B2	Kt-Q6 ch	66 R-R7	Q-K3 ch
33 BxKt	RxB	White resigns	
34 R-K2	P-KR4		—ED.

Fun and family fitness

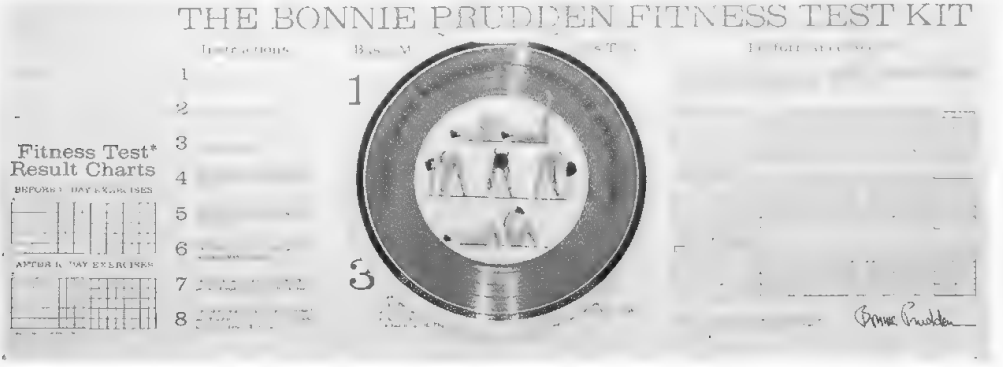
Sirs:

You mention a Bonnie Prudden fitness kit available to families (WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT, Feb. 3). How can I get such a kit? There are five slackers in this family, self included, and the time has come to do something.

CYNTHIA BALDWIN

New York City

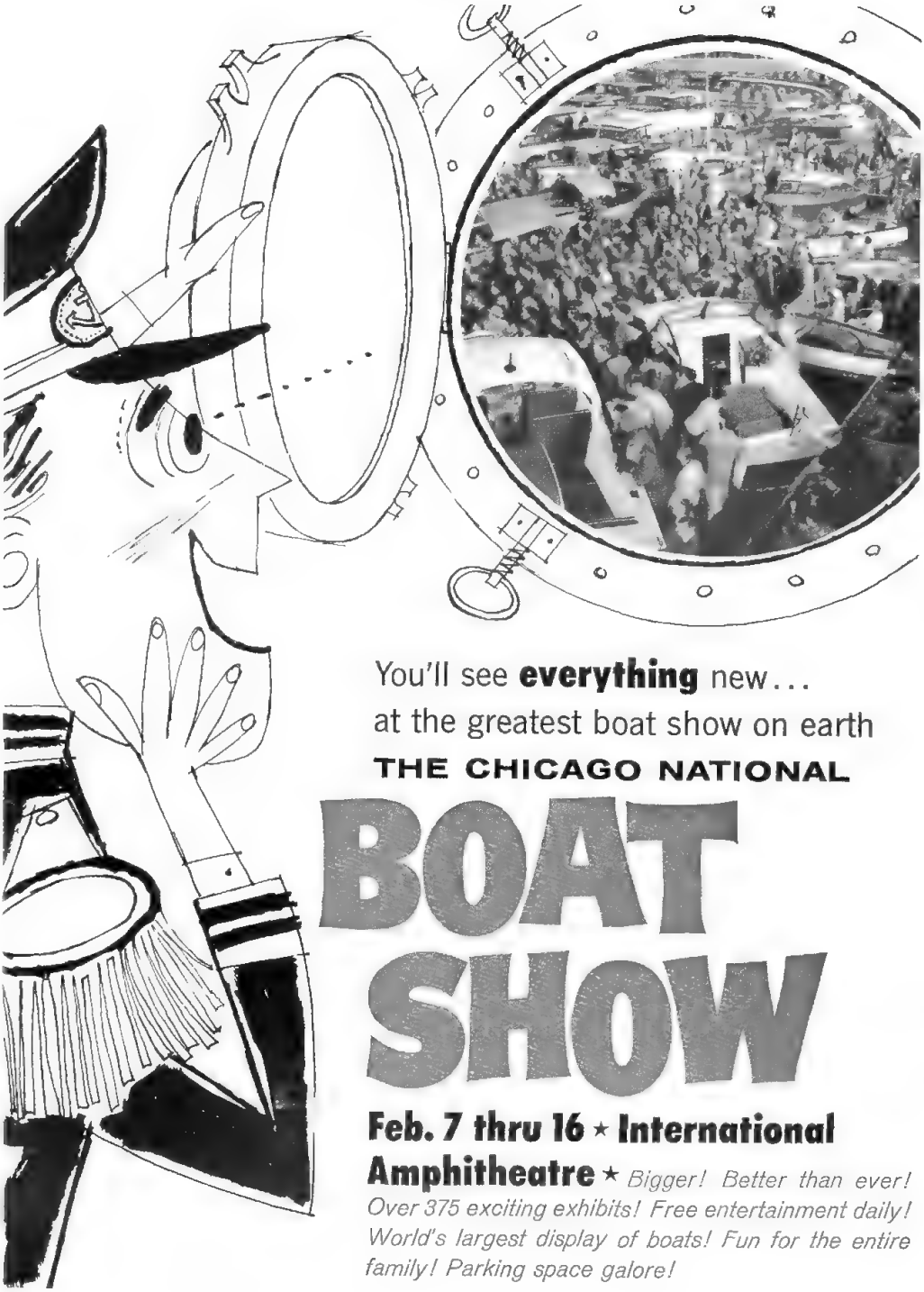
● Bonnie Prudden's new fitness kit (*see below*) is aimed at each member of the family, adults and children. On a 33-rpm vinyl microgroove record (*see cut*) Miss Prudden explains what it means to be physically alert, how to grade yourself on the Kraus-Weber test, and she supplies *three exercises, set to music, to start the whole family on* its way to fit, healthy bodies. With the record come charts to score the tests and subsequent improvements. Miss Prudden would like these to be filled out and returned to her to provide statistics for a new national family fitness survey. The complete kit can be obtained by writing to FITNESS, Box 160-A, New York 46. Enclose 25¢ in coin for postage and handling.—ED.



PAT ON THE BACK

Roger Williams

On a clear, breezy day off the coast of California at a spot north of San Diego known as Torrey Pines you're apt to find this young man riding the updrafts. As one of the nation's youngest solo sailplane pilots, Roger, 14, is a member of that hardy brotherhood which soars on the crest of itinerant air waves that play around the craggy cliffs of the Pacific's shores. He made his first solo flight last November in a Schweizer TG2 four days after he passed the legal minimum age. Member of a family of soaring enthusiasts, Roger learned his love of the air from his father, John Williams, who spends his spare time in such motorless craft or piloting a tow plane for his co-members of the Associated Glider Clubs of Southern California. Roger's best-remembered thrill was soaring across Texas for 300 miles with his dad. A student at Marston Junior High, Roger hopes to become an Air Force pilot but he still has years of work ahead in sailplanes. To gain a rating he must complete a flight of five hours' duration, another one of 32 miles' distance and gain 3,200 feet in altitude in free flight.



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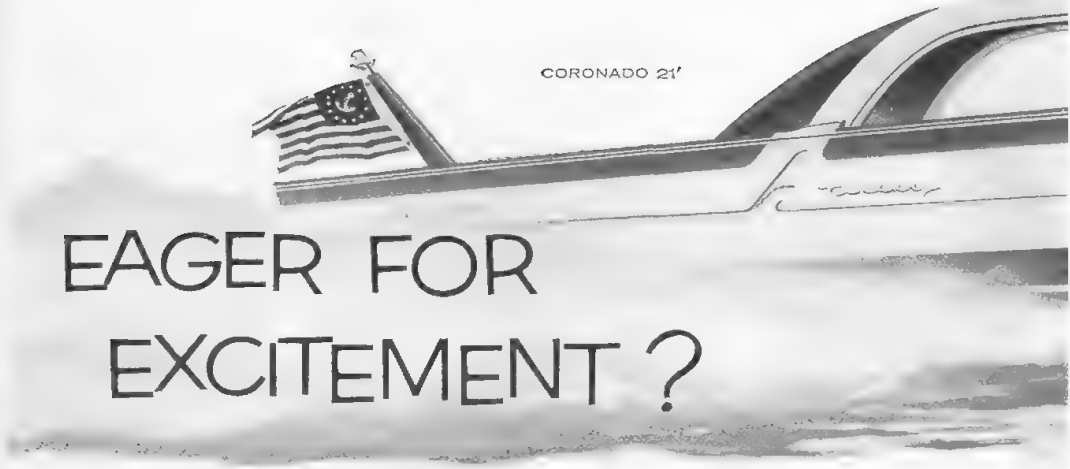

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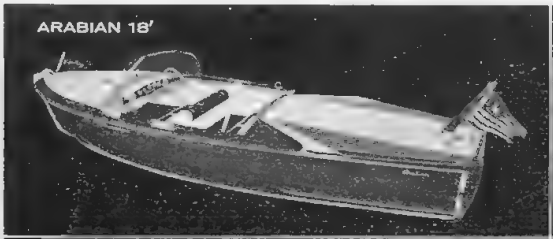
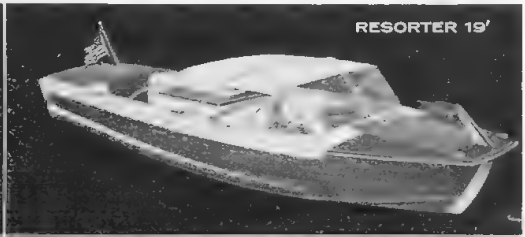
choose a 1958 CENTURY thoroughbred





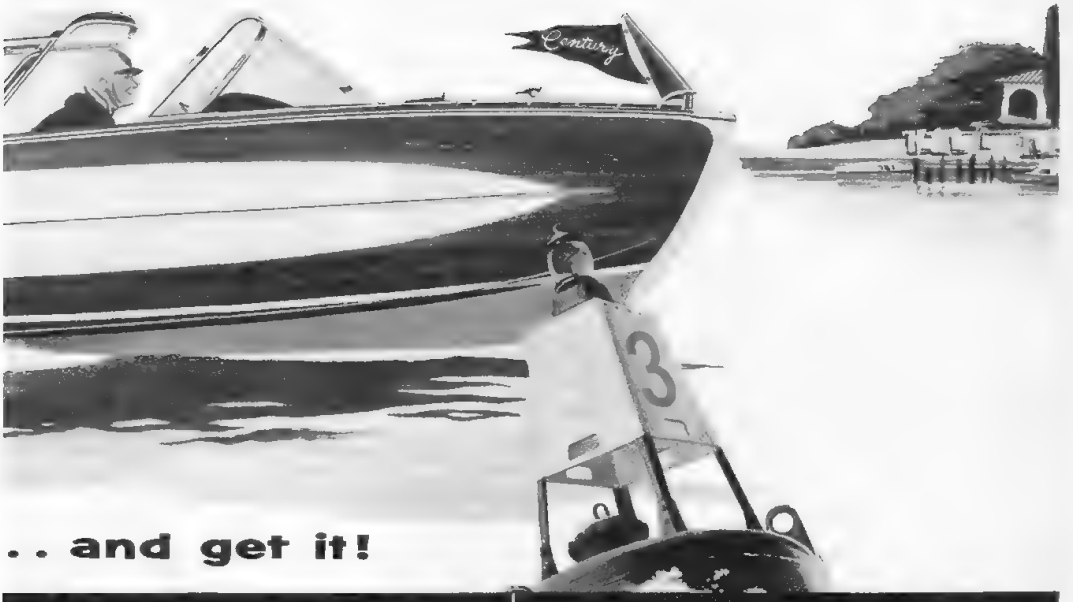
ROAN (not illustrated)—like Palomino except color

SEE THEM AT THE BOAT SHOWS

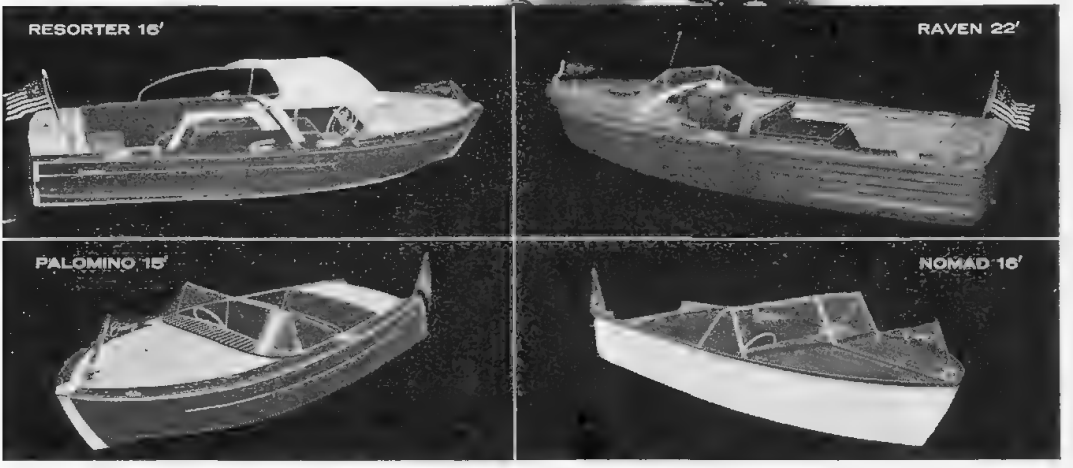
New York—Coliseum Jan. 17-26

Chicago—International Amphitheater—Feb. 7-16

Many hours of exciting adventure await you . . . pulse quickening dashes over sparkling waters, exhilarating maneuvers on skis, thrill-packed outings for the "big" ones, or lazy cruises to new places with family or friends . . . in your 1958 Century Thoroughbred. Ten models to choose from, including three new additions . . . the Resorter 19', a freshly styled beauty with a unique bow treatment and slide-back top . . . the Nordic 19', a dry and seaworthy utility boat with an unusual seating arrangement and convertible top that covers almost the entire cockpit . . . and the Nomad 16', a rugged and roomy lap-strake outboard that's built to take it. The rest of the Thoroughbreds have been re-styled and improved



. . and get it!



to make them more attractive and livelier than ever. For as everyone knows who has ever taken a Century wheel . . . there's nothing on the water to match its cat-quick responsiveness and electrifying acceleration. There's a reason, of course. Century triple braced, batten seam constructed hulls are based on hydrodynamic principles and held to micro dimensions. That's why Centurys give you that "extra burst" of speed with the latest V-8 engines and will take more punishment than ordinary boats. So get the Century of your choice and enjoy the best boating can offer you . . . with confidence and pride. Trade now for delivery at your pleasure. Send for beautiful brochure.

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JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX

THE QUESTION: *Eastern sailors say the Newport-Bermuda ocean race is the toughest. Do you agree? (Asked of skippers in Trans-Pacific-Honolulu run)*

IRA (PRENT) FULMOR

Skipper of Criterion *Vice-Commodore, Transpacific YC*

We think our race to Honolulu is equally tough, but four times as long, which makes it four times more difficult. Certainly any Molokai weather is nastier and meaner than any weather they get in the Gulf Stream. We would like to see them come out here and then count how many of them can win this race.

BOO PASCHALL

Skipper of Kirawan, *which won the Bermuda race in 1936*

I've never been in the Bermuda but, judging from what I've heard, it's tougher than the Trans-Pacific race. But our Swiftsure Classic is tougher than either of these. It starts at Victoria, goes through the Straits of Juan de Fuca, around Swiftsure Lightship and then it returns. The entire run is for a distance of 132 miles.

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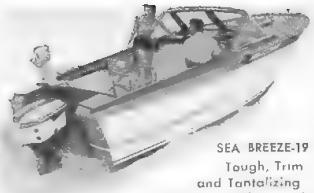

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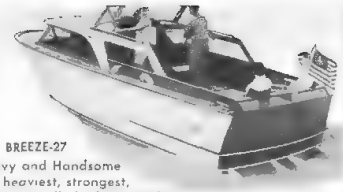
and Tantalizing
everything a day
cruiser should be



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Heavy and Handsome
The heaviest, strongest,
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available today.

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For Fun In The Sun . . .
for fishin' or
just foolin' around.

BIMINI-19
Deepwater Debutante . . .
go fishin', go cruisin', go Trojan.

BIMINI-19

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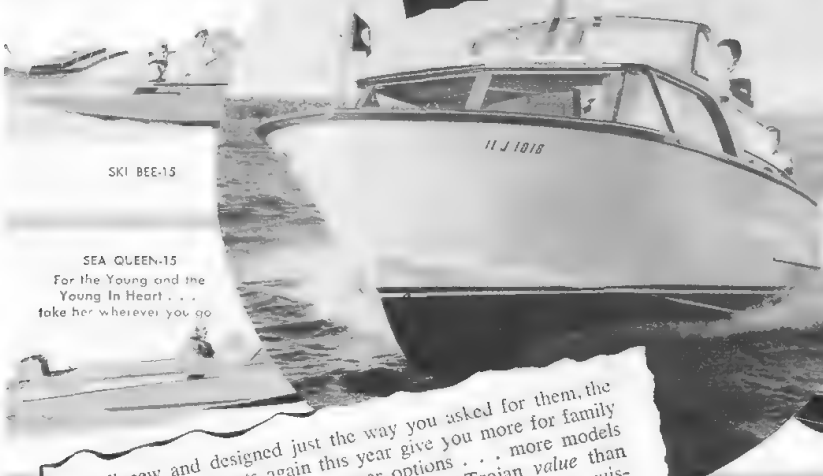

SKI BEE-15

SEA QUEEN-15
For the Young and the
Young In Heart . . .
take her wherever you go

SEA BREEZE-22

SKI BEE-15
Just For Fun . . .
a water skier's dreambaat.

All new and designed just the way you asked for them, the 1958 Trojan boats again this year give you more for family fun afloat. You get more power options . . . more models to choose from . . . and more famous Trojan *value* than ever before in this glamorous new line of cruisers, day cruisers and runabouts, both inboard and outboard! See them on display at all leading national boat shows and at your nearest Trojan dealers.

Trojan BOAT COMPANY

LANCASTER 6, PENNA.

Write for complete information on the model of your choice today.

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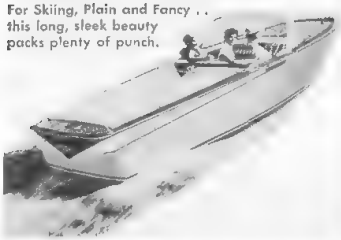
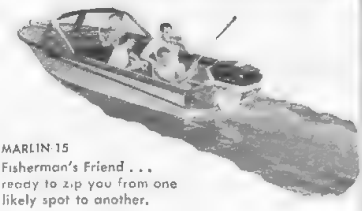
Still . . . America's No. 1 Family Cruiser!
More boat per dollar than any cruiser of its type
or class presently available.

SKI BEE-18
For Skiing, Plain and Fancy . .
this long, sleek beauty
packs plenty of punch.





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MARLIN-17
Stop Wishin' . . .
Go Fishin' . . .
the answer to every
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It's what you have always wanted . . .

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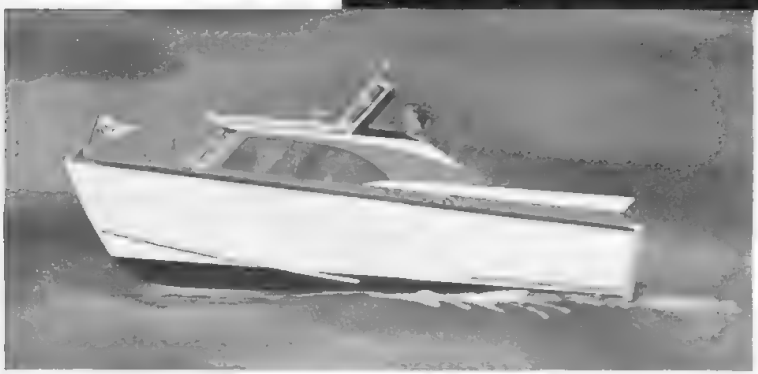

This roomy '23' cruiser tops them all.

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You've always wanted an inboard cruiser of your own, and you've had your eye on a Higgins.

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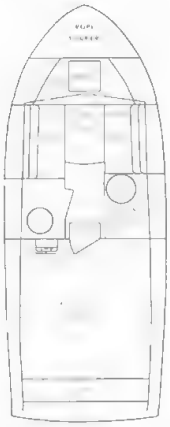

See the Higgins boats at Booth No. 517, 518 Chicago National Boat Show.

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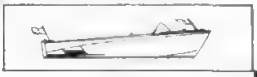

'26' Cruiser

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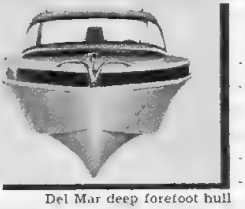
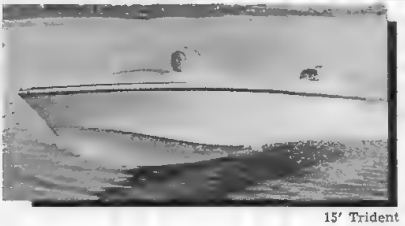
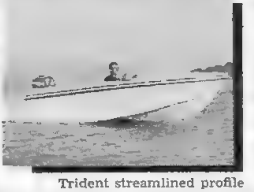


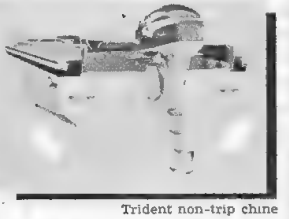
Del Mar deep forefoot hull



15′ Trident

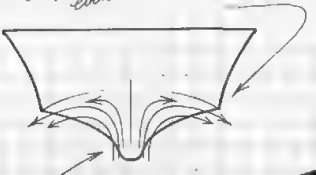


Trident streamlined profile



Trident non-trip chine

hard chine deflects water down, for comfortable, safe ride, even in rough water



accentuated keel accelerates water up and out, lifting boat.

better design by far...

The 1958 Glasspar line has 13 models covering the complete range of fiber glass outboard boats . . . from small runabouts to luxurious cabin cruisers. Each model represents experienced workmanship and outstanding marine design . . . the maximum in comfort and performance. Each is safe and seaworthy . . . built to withstand years of use and to provide dependable, maintenance-free boating enjoyment.

Glasspar

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this year go

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Dynamic 35 h.p. Shark
four models from
$495* to $635*

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Help yourself to the big-action power you need for that new boat of yours . . . speeds up to 35 m.p.h.! A new Super-Alternator generator to provide you with 20 amps. . . . power a'plenty for the electrical accessories you've got in mind . . . power enough to replace battery starting drain in a jiffy! Revolutionary Tele-Flex remote control system is easy to install . . . smooth operating for just-right water-skiing. Here's 100% efficiency for your outboarding dollar and the top-of-the-line styling that'll have you showing off your motor wherever you take it! Choose from 4 colors: Sun Yellow, Arctic White, Satin Green, Shell Beige with Silver Mocha.

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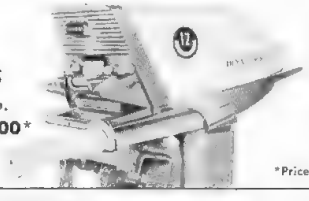
NEW "DASH" LIGHT

LOW-LEVEL REWIND STARTER

Choose from 8 models
2 h.p. to 35 h.p.
119.95* to 635.00*



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WEST BEND ALUMINUM CO., Dept. 1382, Hartford, Wisconsin

HOTBOX

continued

CHUCK ULLMAN

Skipper of the Legend

Well, they sent a boat out here, the *Blitzen*, and she won in a light breeze. So they've been bragging ever since. I'd like to see them race in our heavy weather without their Dramamine pills. There was a boat from the East, *Ondine*, in the last Transpac race. She took eleventh place, but we took first.

PETER GRANT

Skipper of the Nalu II

I sailed the 1954 Bermuda race, and I didn't think it was particularly tough. In fact I was rather disillusioned. In our class an Argentine boat finished first, and Dick Stewart and I brought the *Nalu II* in second. Henry DuPont, an East Coast sailor, was really surprised at the way we finished, to say the least.

GOULD EDDY

Skipper of Y-Como *Commodore, Los Angeles YC*

The best commentary is that we have had quite a few outstanding East Coast boats that didn't do too well. Also, because of the length of our race, it is a greater test of the yacht itself and of the crew members in the most unpredictable weather. We'd welcome a challenge from the East Coast boats.

JOHNNY SCRIPPS

Skipper of the Novia Del Mar

I don't think it is the toughest, although it may be tougher than the Trans-Pacific race to Honolulu. The run from Los Angeles to Tahiti, which I raced, is tougher. We were the first boat in after 21 days, one hour, one minute and eight seconds. But unfortunately, when we checked corrected time, we finished third.

continued

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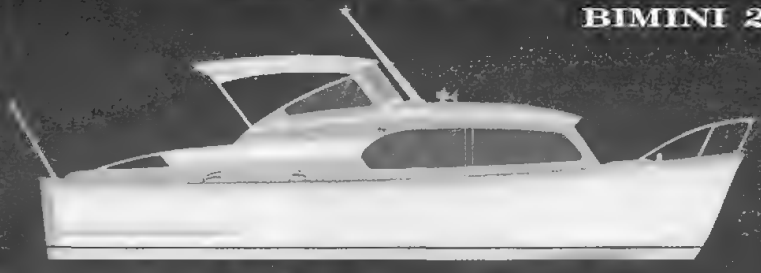
Cruis Along

For men of pride, built by men of pride, the Chesapeake boat builders who have the courage to insist on the most trustworthy materials, seasoned woods and quality fastenings for Cruis Along. Here is beauty of line, comfort, design, and speed, and most important of all, the careful craftsmanship that assures safety at sea. A velvet smooth performance is guaranteed by the famous Super Hyplane Hull* that gives a level, non-pounding ride. The satisfaction and pride of Cruis Along owners prove beyond a doubt that Cruis Along is the finest craft money can buy.

Write for free catalogue.

CUSTOM 31

BIMINI 27



EXPRESS 27

CRUIS ALONG CUSTOM 31

Unbeatable boat luxury with yacht-like accommodations. Mahogany planked, it has a large self-bailing cockpit, optional teak decks, cruising accommodations for six . . . dinette converts into double bed, settee into upper and lower berths; up forward, a separate cabin has two full length berths. Full-sized lavatory, additional head in forward cabin. Complete galley, loads of stowage space.

CRUIS ALONG BIMINI 27

A sleek, fast fishing cruiser with wonderful stability in roughest off shore waters. Performs perfectly with either twin or single engines and has gasoline capacity of 112 gallons. Large self-bailing cockpit has flush deck 13½ feet long and full beam of the boat. Sleeps two in cabin with full headroom. Lavatory and galley. Teak cockpit decks optional.

CRUIS ALONG EXPRESS 27

Cruising luxury at speed boat speeds . . . single or twin engines. It has a roomy, self-bailing cockpit and a spacious cabin with full headroom. Four sleep comfortably; two in double bed that converts into dinette, two in upper and lower berths that turn into a settee. It has a full-sized lavatory, large galley and five hanging lockers.

*Super Hyplane Hull combines best features of round bottom hull and V-bottom type.

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February 7-16

The exciting Feather Craft line for 1958 features six sleek new models including fiberglass plus striking innovations on the old favorites. You will marvel at the advanced engineering that assures peak performance from the new higher-powered motors—the dramatic styling and glamorous anodized colors. Write for complete information.

Feather Craft, Inc. 458 Bishop St., N. W., Atlanta 13, Ga.

HOTBOX

continued

LARRY PRINGLE

Skipper of the Queen Mab

I raced the Bermuda in 1956. It was rugged, with winds from 50 to 60 miles. It rained so hard that the whitecaps were knocked down. But the race was over in five days. We can get the same weather, and our race takes 10 to 14 days. Don't misunderstand me. The Bermuda is tough, and they have to be good.

TOM SHORT

Skipper of Tasco II

In the N.Y. Yacht Club, all I heard was the Bermuda race. Then someone buttonholed me and asked me *what I thought about* it. I had raced in six Honolulu races, and I said: "If we had a short race like the Bermuda run to help tune up our boats, I know that we'd do a lot better in the Honolulu race."

JIM KILROY

Skipper of the Kialoa, *formerly* Tasco I

My crew says it can be a rough race, but our Catalina Island Channel can be very rough, too, because of confused seas due to undersea mountains, wind velocity, currents and cross chops. In fact, one of the greatest problems in our race, heavy seas with no winds, is not a part of the Bermuda race.

FRANK HOOYKAAS

Skipper of the Barlovento

That statement is a bit too cocky. I'd like to see them sail our race and then hear what they have to say. Several of my crew have sailed the Newport-Bermuda run. They found it more tricky, with tide, shoal waters, etc. but, as for stamina, there is no doubt in my mind that it's a cinch compared to ours.

Only Owens' revolution in boat building could bring you this **"22" FAMILY CRUISER...** **V-8** *powered, fully equipped ...for only* **$4498** *delivered!*

Even Owens' big-volume boat production lines can barely keep up with the orders . . . for this peerless new "package" of cruising luxury and power! Her yacht-type construction features high-performance HRV hull, solid mahogany frame and trim, extra-heavy Weldwood planking. Her comfortable cabin provides berths for 3 to 4, galley stove, ice box, sink, fresh-water system, table, full-height toilet room. Her engine, for top speed and safety, is the great 200 h.p. Flagship Marine V-8. No wonder this cruiser is the most popular boat . . . the most exciting *buy* . . . in Owens' long history!

"22" 6 cyl., **$4198;** *Outboard,* **$2795.** *All prices are Delivered U.S.A., through Owens dealers only. Outboard motors, state and local taxes, extra.*

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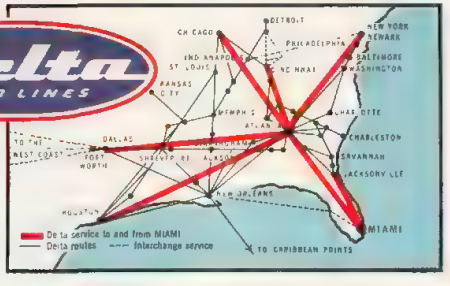
Delta to Miami... trunk line to Sunshine

While your DC-7 doesn't really taxi up to your hotel's poolside, there is no faster, no finer way to sunny Miami than these giant Golden Crown DC-7's non-stop from such cities as Chicago, Cincinnati and Atlanta. Delta also provides DC-7 through service from the Midwest to the Caribbean and South America, via New Orleans. For unsurpassed speed, unforgettable hospitality, fly Delta Golden Crown DC-7's and DC-7B's to Miami and the Caribbean.

Delta AIR LINES



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There's nothing like boating to chase your cares away . . . and there's nothing like an Oliver to help you enjoy it to the full. For Oliver outboards for 1958 are new from prop to powerhead . . . packed with conveniences and extra power. Best of all . . . each motor—6, 16 or 35 h.p. is completely dependable. So, whether you want to spend the day . . . cavorting over clear waters, as Nancy Cooper of Cypress Gardens, Florida, is doing . . . lazily trolling down a winding river after a record buster or going nowhere in particular in your new cruiser . . . the Oliver of your choice will do the work . . . all you do is relax and play. See these trim, smart beauties at your Oliver dealers as soon as you can. There's a load of fun awaiting you with your new Oliver . . . ALL FUN.

Write for new 4 color Broadside

OLIVER OUTBOARD MOTORS *Division of the Oliver Corp., Mfgrs. of the finest Farm and Industrial Equipment*

432 E. MICHIGAN, BATTLE CREEK MICHIGAN

See the new 1958 OLIVER 6, 16 and 35 h.p. at the shows.
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She's twenty-two . . . she's all new!

THE SENSATIONAL SPORTS SCOTT 22 HP

WANT high-flying thrills with your outboard runabout? Want the pick-up power to send skiers skimming over the waves? Then hitch your hull to Scott-Atwater's spanking new "22"!

The Sports Scott is the most advanced outboard under the sun—a high-style, high performance motor that gives you everything—at a lower price!

She's slimmer, lighter, lovelier, but inspired engineering has packed her sleek frame with features no one outboard has ever boasted before. She's fast-stepping (up to 35 mph), but she's a lady . . . smartly styled in Raymond Loewy Associates' latest design. Easy steering, too, thanks to a new offset lower unit that counteracts torque.

New Double "V" intake valves give her the smoothest, silkiest "get-up-and-go" of any outboard afloat. A fuel-saver carburetor holds her appetite to a lady-like level; new rubber cushion mounts plus water-muffled exhaust hush her voice to a well-bred whisper. And remember, *only Scott-Atwater outboards bail your boat—automatically!*

Choose the "22" that's best for you —easy-starting manual model or push-button electric-starting model with built-in generator.* Choose from six bold new hood colors, standard or long lower unit.

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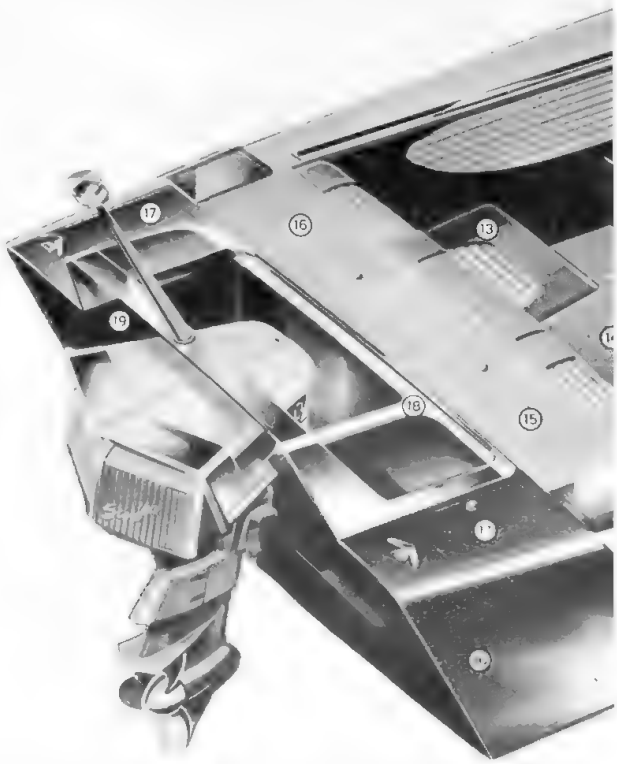
SEAGOING STATION

THE sumptuous outboard cruiser pictured below may well become the most talked about exhibit on the 1958 National Boat Show circuit. Called Starflite, she is the latest creation of Brooks Stevens, design consultant for Evinrude outboard motors. At the 1956 show, Stevens introduced the revolutionary Evinrude Lark, a sporty runabout with sweeping tail fins and over-all sports car styling that changed the face of the motorboating industry (SI, June 17, 1957). Now, with the experimental Starflite, Stevens again borrows from the auto industry to produce the maximum convenience in outboard cruisers, a boat that combines the open-air sportiness of the convertible with the snug comfort of a station wagon. In sunny weather, Starflite's roomy cockpit holds seven passengers. But at the first sign of bad weather, the skipper can press a button to bring the weather-tight canopy sliding into place. The boat comes complete with galley and head, and the seats dismantle to provide four berths.



INSIDE THE STARFLITE

1. Raised deck and [illegible] molded fiber glass running light and flagstaff
2. Forward hatch. Compartment below has fixed mattress and storage. Two drawer vanity and mir[illegible] for [illegible] for anchor, lines and gear
3. Plexiglas wraparound windshield with two windshield wipers
4. Deshboard with steering wheel, compass, tachometer, speedometer, ammeter, air speed indicator, gas level gauges, canopy operating control switches, starter, choke, windshield wiper control, curtain tie downs, cigaret lighter, compass and cabin lights, docking and running lights. Remote motor controls are to port of [illegible] seat
5. Fixed forward canopy, folding center section electrically operated to cover entire cockpit.
6. Sliding safety-glass windows, roller curtains for[illegible]
7. Helm seats with tilting and elevator mechanism, cushions removable to make berths. (All cushions are washable red Vynal with white Vynal inserts.)
8. Port and starboard storage compartments for folding tables with attachments for portable transistor radio and ship-to shore phone
9. Rear canopy on runner track telescopes under front top to make open cockpit for fishing, swimming, picnicking. Canopy has safety glass sliding windows, side and rear zipper curtains. (See insert at right.)
10. Cockpit deck floored with diamond patterned rubber matting
11. Tilting midships seats, two 20 gallon gas tanks under. Seats reverse forward and backward, cushions removable to make berths
12. Detachable folding table with red Formica top on starboard mounting. Tables also mountable on portside of cockpit, port and starboard sides of main cabin
13. Port and starboard rear seats, cushions removable to make berths, bedding stored under.
14. Center rear seat, head installed under. Three storage drawers aft with access through hinged rear seat cushion
15. Access to insulated stainless steel ice chest and four [illegible] thermos bottles.
16. Access to two burner stove and food storage under insulated deck cover
17. Hinged access to rear quarter lockers for foul-weather gear
18. Removable Plexiglas motor cover, high enough for fully tilted motor
19. Motor well with remote tilting and steering gear, drain through transom
20. Fiber-glass covered marine plywood hull, 21 feet over-all, 7½ foot beam.

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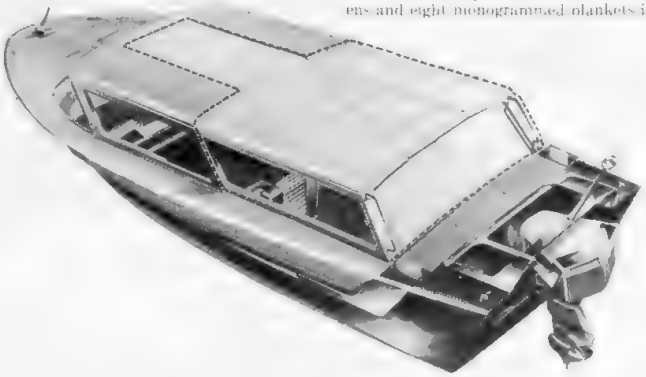

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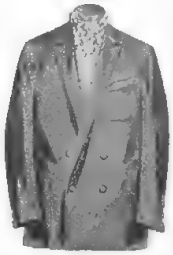

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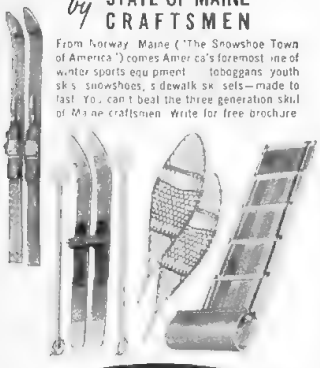

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WEIDMAN'S BURDEN

continued

watch, making an occasional guarded phone call and generally giving the impression of a man who thinks he is being stood up by his date.

The following day the mystery was solved. A convertible drove up, all covered with dust, and she stepped out. Her name was Phyllis, and she was a joy to behold, and she came from Pasadena, but had been delayed by the weather and motor trouble. Frank's story about being on his way to Key West was just a blind. He and Phyllis had arranged by long-distance phone to meet at our place, because they were crazy about each other and wanted to get married, but they were both orphans and had no immediate family, and did we mind, since Frank was such an old and dear friend, acting as family for them until the knot was tied?

"Of course not!" my wife cried eagerly. Like all women, she feels about the imminent marriage of another (any other) member of her sex the way a Broadway angel feels about rave-opening-night notices.

Eight days and several near nervous breakdowns later, all the legal technicalities had been surmounted. We drove to Clearwater with Frank and Phyllis and stood up for them before a local judge. Then we all came back to the beach for a champagne wedding supper and, finally, after a good deal of manly handshaking and girlish weeping, the newlyweds drove off in the direction of St. Petersburg on the first leg of what they said was going to be a month's honeymoon in Key West.

"Well," I said, since I am the member of the family who is considered the phrasemaker, "that's that!"

"I know exactly what you mean," said my wife.

The following morning I was awakened, not as usual at 6 a.m. by an infant yowling for his formula, but most unusually at 5:30 a.m. by someone hammering on our door. I staggered out of bed.

"Hi," Frank said cheerfully when I opened the door. "You're going fishing with us."

"What?" I said, wondering uneasily if Noel Coward, under similar circumstances, would have come up with a wittier retort.

"Deep-sea fishing," said Phyllis, beaming happily, as a newly minted bride should. "Hurry up."

Frank explained that, casting about in their minds for some way to repay us, it had occurred to them that the

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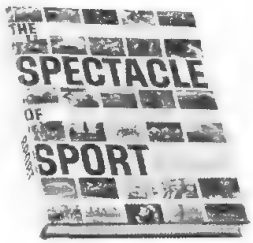

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very least they could do was provide us with a small taste of the large banquet of joy that awaited them in Key West—deep-sea fishing. Why shouldn't my wife and I have one day?

"I hate fish," she said.

"Then you stay with the kids," Frank said to her, and seized my arm. "Come on. I've chartered a cruiser."

The "cruiser" he had chartered looked like an old fashioned wooden washtub that had been partially boarded over to form a crude deck. The captain looked like a butcher. He wore an apron. So did the two members of his crew.

"Sit down," one of them said when we came aboard. "And don't stand up till we get there."

"Get where?" I said.

Nobody answered. The crew was casting off. I looked at Frank. He was beaming at Phyllis. I looked at Phyllis. She was beaming at Frank. I looked around at the vast blue sunlit immensity of the Gulf of Mexico, and I found creeping into my mind a question that seems to assail me with increasing frequency as I grow older: "What the hell am I doing here?"

The awakening

An hour later I found out.

"O.K.," the captain yelled suddenly as he cut the motor. "Drop it!"

He meant the anchor. The boat stopped as though it had been slammed against a stone wall. Somewhat dazed, I picked myself up and looked around.

"Here," the captain said. "Get started."

He handed each of us a short, thick bamboo pole about the size of a broomstick. Each pole was fitted with a reel, a thick line and a huge shrimp impaled on a hook.

"Don't stand there wasting time," the captain said irritably. "Get started. Fish."

This did not sound at all like what I had read in Hemingway.

The moment my hook hit the water, something snapped at it and began to drag me overboard.

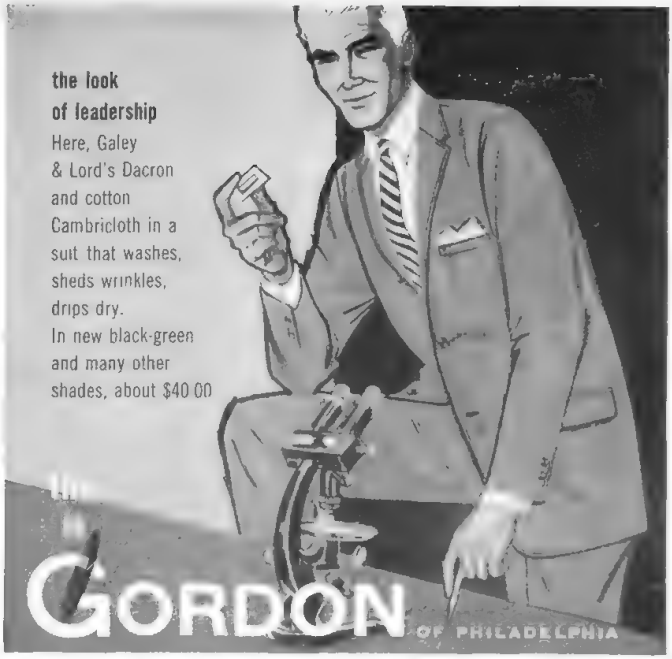
"Reel in, stupid!" the captain roared. "Reel in!"

I recaptured my balance, found the knob on the reel, and in 10 seconds I had hauled into the boat a red-scaled monster as big as a jockey.

"Look!" I cried, my heart pounding with excitement as I turned to my companions. "Look what I—!"

The words stopped in my throat. There were five other red-scaled monsters flopping around in the boat!

continued



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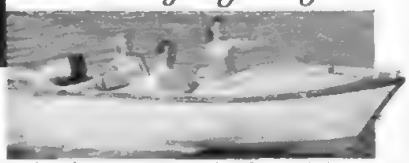

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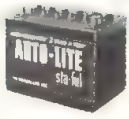

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WEIDMAN'S BURDEN

continued

"Jeepers!" Phyllis said in a dazed voice. "All I did was drop the hook, and the next thing I knew—"

"All right, lady," one of the crew members said. Deftly he freed the huge, red fish from her hook and baited it with another shrimp. "Try it again."

"What kind of fish is it?" Phyllis asked innocently.

"Grouper," the crewman said. "We're sitting right on a school."

He then turned his attention to Frank's line and mine. By the time I had lifted my freshly baited hook and was ready to drop it overboard, Phyllis had caught her second fish. Within a half hour we were all standing up to our knees in a slithering mass of groupers, every one of them big enough to vote, and I was convinced that something was wrong. Hemingway didn't catch them as easily as this. Hemingway sometimes fought a single fish for hours. And the fish Hemingway caught looked a good deal more dashing and dangerous than the things we had been dragging in. I started to sit down for a moment and think the whole miserable performance over.

"On your feet!" the captain roared. "Nobody rests till we're full up!"

We were full up by 10:30, at which time the crew relieved us of our tackle and hoisted anchor. The captain started the motor and headed back to John's Pass. I noticed that the newlyweds were no longer staring at one another in entranced rapture. I didn't blame them. I was bushed, too.

As the crew was making our boat fast to the dock, I noticed on the wall of the bait shed a hand-lettered sign that I had overlooked when we put to sea in the morning. I read it carefully, imbedding each word in my mind like a jeweled bearing in a wrist watch, and then I turned to my hosts.

"Frank," I said with as much self-control as I could muster.

But before I could go on, Frank was explaining: "When the idea hit us last night to surprise you by taking you deep-sea fishing, we were both still full of wedding-supper champagne, and the only way we could think to find somebody with a boat was to look in the classified phone book."

This seemed eminently sensible.

"Under what did you look in the phone book?" I said.

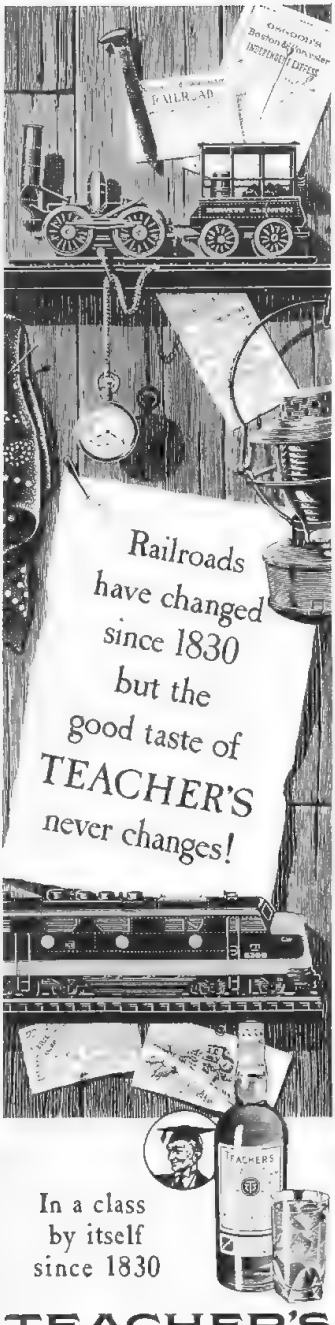
"Fish," he said.

"Oh," I said.

Before stepping out of the boat, I turned for a last look at the sign. I wanted to be sure. It read:

HARRY'S FISH MARKET
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
WE CATCH THEM IN THE MORNING
YOU EAT THEM IN THE AFTERNOON

"Oh, the color doesn't matter. Just something for him to go a few rounds in front of the bedroom mirror."



WATER COLOR OF PROUD BRIGANTINE, "CLEOPATRA'S BARGE," HANGS IN SALEM MUSEUM

YANKEE XANADU

'Cleopatra's Barge,' America's first ocean-going pleasure yacht, was a thing of opulence and beauty before she met her sad end

by RICHARD SCHICKEL

On October 21, 1816 a curious vessel slipped down the ways of Retire Becket's shipyard in Salem, Massachusetts, arousing onlookers to push and shove for a better view. Multicolored stripes adorned her starboard side and to port there was a gay herringbone pattern. Reports of her exotic cabin fittings filtered from the initiates to further pique the interest of the crowd as they gazed with the appreciation of seafaring folk at the magnificent 83-foot, 192-ton brigantine.

The object of all this attention was America's first ocean-going pleasure yacht. Built for $50,000, it was bizarrely called *Cleopatra's Barge* by its owner, George Crowninshield Jr. Crowninshield was the scion of a wealthy Salem merchant family and as bizarre a spectacle as was his ship. A pudgy 5 feet 6, he habitually affected Hessian boots with gold tassels, a gaudy waistcoat and a shaggy bell-crowned beaver hat. He tied his hair in a pigtail.

In keeping with a quixotic side of his nature, after severe storms it was his custom to load whatever ship was his favorite at the time with extra stores, add to its crew and sail off to assist other ships in trouble. Crowninshield was also an amateur fire fighter of great repute, credited with a number of daring rescues from burning buildings. No man to confine his heroics to dry land, he leapt in the sea three times to save drowning men—and for one of these exploits he received a gold medal from the Massachusetts Humane Society.

Crowninshield oversaw the outfitting of the family's ships for the West Indies trade until the firm was dissolved in 1809. His brother Benjamin

later broke loose from the family merchant business to become Secretary of the Navy, leaving it to George to keep the family name alive on the high seas. At the death of their father, George found himself rich, carefree and yachtless—an earlier ship, the *Jefferson*, was sold in the liquidation of his father's estate. It was at this point that George, now 49 years old, decided to build *Cleopatra's Barge*.

Soon after its launching, the *Barge* was locked into Salem harbor by ice and Crowninshield utilized the delay in his sailing plans to buy lavish table furnishings and stores—and to accumulate some 300 letters of introduction to various dignitaries residing in ports of call on his itinerary. Salem's citizenry utilized the harsh weather to take a closer look at the ship. In a letter to his brother, Crowninshield estimated, "I have had 1,900 women and 700 men in one day visit my brig—or yacht, as they call her—and an average of over 900 per day for the past two weeks." There is no doubt that she was Salem's pride. Considered the best-built vessel of her time, she was designed for beauty as well as strength. Crowninshield spared nothing on her appointments.

Through a Pepys hole

William Bentley, a minister and an indefatigable diarist, noted "elegant settees with velvet cushions, chairs with descriptive paintings, mirrors, buffets loaded with plate of every name, and the best glass and porcelain." He added, somewhat wistfully, "I should have been very glad to have had an inventory of the contents of this vessel."

Awed, the *Salem Gazette* reported, "You descend into a magnificent saloon about 20 feet long and 19 broad, finished on all sides with polished mahogany, and inlaid with other ornamental woods. The settees are covered with crimson silk velvet embroidered with gold lace. The splendid mirrors standing at either end and a grand chandelier suspended in the center of the saloon give a richness of effect to it not easily surpassed."

The winter finally passed, the ice broke, and on March 30, 1817 *Cleopatra's Barge* weighed anchor for her maiden voyage. She wandered in a leisurely fashion through the Mediterranean, and at each port of call Crowninshield held open house, with the peasants swarming over the ship, carefully sniffing at this flowering of the new democracy across the sea. One of the

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YANKEE XANADU

continued

democrats aboard, however, was the misanthropic ("Philosopher Ben") Crowninshield, cousin of George, and the hubbub was too much for him. After one open house he wrote in his diary, "What with seasickness among the ladies, the strong and offensive odors of friars, beggars and garlic, the company below is obliged to undergo a regular inquisition. . . ."

On any tour of the *Barge*, the high spot came when visitors first sighted the wooden Indian, a close cousin of the cigar store variety, which stood on the deck. In the Catholic countries unsophisticated visitors kissed the feet of this graven image, thinking it was a statue of some American saint. In Marseilles, a nearsighted Mr. Magoo gravely tipped his hat to the Indian—to the vast amusement of the ship's company.

By October 3 *Cleopatra's Barge* was once again moored at the Crowninshield Wharf in Salem where, although he discharged his crew, Crowninshield continued to live aboard her. He was planning another, chillier voyage to the Baltic.

He called for his gin

On November 26, after dining with a friend, Crowninshield was stricken with a heart attack. He called for gin and water but before it, or any other aid, arrived, he was dead. "No man knew the practice of his profession better and no one who knew him denies that he had great virtues. Everyone recollects him with affection," wrote William Bentley in his ever-present diary.

The yacht's furnishings were distributed among Crowninshield's relatives and the ship was sold at auction for a mere $15,400. There followed for *Cleopatra's Barge* an unromantic period as a coastwise packet ship and as a merchant vessel.

But then the Boston merchant firm of Bryant and Sturgis picked the ship up cheaply and pressed her into service as a weapon in a trade war. Sandalwood—that sweet-smelling product of the Hawaiian Islands—was discovered to have a splendid price in Asian markets, and Yankee traders were vying with one another to win the favor of the Islands' king, Liholiho, a pliable playboy who greedily indulged in all life's pleasures. Ten days after the *Barge*, loaded to the gunnels with trade goods, landed in the islands, it was sold to the King on credit in payment for a supply of sandalwood costing $90,000. Renamed the *Pride of Hawaii*, the *Barge* became a sort of water taxi, ferrying the King and his friends about their out-sized Venice. Once the *Barge* was used to transport Liholiho's harem from one island to another. Again, it was used to carry a party of missionaries on a similar voyage. And it was the scene of numberless royal blowouts.

But the *Barge* didn't last as long as the sandalwood trade. On April 5, 1824, while the King was visiting in England, it was driven aground at Hanalei on the Island of Kauai and wrecked. Stories of the wreck vary: some say the captain was drunk,

OIL PORTRAIT of Crowninshield was painted by Inventor Samuel Morse.

others say he was the only sober man aboard. Two things are certain: there *was* a party of some kind aboard the ship, and at the end of it the ship was lying in 10 feet of water, her sailing days finished.

An attempt was made to raise her, however. Several thousand yards of rope were woven into three cables which were attached to the *Barge's* mainmast. Hundreds of voluntary laborers tugged and hauled and managed to right the vessel. But then the mast snapped and the ship rolled over into deeper water. There she remained, until a great storm in 1844 washed a part of the hull, still in remarkably good condition, to the shore.

But the legend of the former elegance of *Cleopatra's Barge* continued to grow, and today, at the Peabody Museum in Salem, two of the ship's rooms have been restored and furnished with their original fittings. They are lovely remnants of a seagoing Yankee's Xanadu. END

ANGLES THAT HURT

A honeymoon pair, an innocent voyage, and you've got trouble

by JEROME WEIDMAN

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, when our children were still eating strained vegetables out of those little glass jars, my wife and I took the youngsters down to Florida for a winter in a beach-house on the Gulf of Mexico. A few weeks after we arrived, a sportsman friend of ours rang up from New York to ask if the fishing was any good down in our neck of the woods.

Our friend, who was a bachelor, said he planned to drive down to Key West for the barracuda and sailfish. If there was anything he could bring us from New York, why he didn't mind coming by way of the Gulf Coast at all. "You're very sweet to offer to bring things down for us," my wife said. "But the truth of the matter is that we've brought along everything we want. On the other hand, as long as you *are* driving down. . . ."

Four days later Frank arrived at noon in what looked like one of the Conestoga wagons used by the Donner party. After I helped him unload the folding perambulator, the extra bathinette, two strollers, a playpen, a plastic wading pool and half a dozen other items that we had left behind, I noticed he wasn't carrying anything even remotely resembling fishing tackle.

I said nothing about it. I merely joined my wife in thanking Frank effusively; we fed him a hundred drinks and a heavy lunch and waited for him to take off for Key West. Two days later we were still waiting.

Frank seemed to have lost interest in Key West and fishing. He just paced nervously around the house, staring alternately at the sea and his wrist

continued

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